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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1908.

The Week.

It was to New York, not to Mr. Sherman, that the Convention threw the Vice-Presidency. The managers thought it safest to play the old winning combination, Ohio and New York. Hayes and Wheeler, Garfield and Arthur, McKinley and Roosevelt—now Taft and Sherman. The latter has been a plodding Congressman, like any other. Outside his own State, he has been known merely as an excellent parliamentarian. As a practised Chairman of the Committee of the Whole House, he has been an excellent presiding officer; and if the only function of the Vice-President were to be President of the Senate, the choice of Mr. Sherman would be thoroughly justified. But the possibility that he may become President of the United States, seemingly never occurred to the Convention. The work of the Presidency is now a crushing burden; its risk to life obviously great; and the Constitutional successor ought always to be selected with a view to his fitness for the greater office. In that light, not even Mr. Sherman's warmest friends have ever put forth claims in his behalf. To nothing but geography, and the strategy of the campaign against Bryan, does he owe his nomination. It seems also to have been overlooked that Mr. Sherman has one serious drawback. As chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, he went to Mr. Harriman two years ago to solicit money. His rebuff led to Roosevelt's violent attack upon the man from whom he himself had taken $260,000 in 1904. In a year when the whole question of campaign contributions is to play an unprecedented part in the battle, it was a tactical mistake for the Republicans to put forward a man who will so vividly recall their eagerness to get corporation and "undesirable" funds.

The attempt to reduce the Southern representation in the National Republican Convention has failed again. Representative James F. Burke of Pittsburgh was leader in the fight to equalize the representation of voters in the Convention in which 13,000 Ohio voters had one delegate, while 136 voters in South Carolina had an equal representation. Thus the Southern Republicans wield an influence wholly disproportionate, when one remembers the solidarity with which the South votes for the other side. More than that, these Southern delegates made possible the dictation of Taft's nomination by the President, precisely as their venality made it possible for Hanna and his McKinley syndicate to buy the nomination twelve years ago. It is impossible to pretend with a straight face that the conventions of 1896 or 1908 represented the will of the bulk of the Republican party. Shrewd party managers of the Hitchcock and Hanna types, using money or Federal influence, will often be able to name the Republican nominee months or years in advance of the Convention. But for the Ohio delegates, who were bound, we suppose, to stand by the men who have made Taft's nomination possible, this injustice and source of corruption would have been ended last week.

Senator Lodge's speech at the Convention could not but shine by comparison with that of Senator Burrows. The Massachusetts Senator has always had a literary taint, and makes crisp phrases and insinuating epigrams by second nature. His address as permanent chairman at Chicago reads well—though that, according to Fox, is the most fatal praise that can be given an orator—and evidently went well with his audience. Was it wholly discreet, however, for Mr. Lodge to rub it into the Democrats so hard about their desiring to draw a veil over their past, especially in the matter of their advocacy of silver? In that matter the Senator himself is a "man with a past," and a past that he would give much to forget, or be able to cover up. In April, 1894, when the Wilson tariff was before the Senate, Mr. Lodge moved an amendment of which the confessed object was to force England to abandon the gold standard. His proposal was that discriminating duties should be levied upon British goods until British discrimination against silver should be abandoned. The plan was so petty, and so futile because in plain contravention of existing treaties, that the Massachusetts Senator could get little support for it except from Stewart of Nevada and the Populist Senator from Kansas, Mr. Peffer. But the cultured representative of Massachusetts stuck to it manfully, and declared that he wanted to "strike at English trade" in order to compel Great Britain to change her standard of value. To crown his effrontery, he taunted the Democrats, who had "paraded in large sections of this country as the only friends of silver," with not daring to go as far as he would in behalf of the sacred metal. "Politically," he said, "I should be delighted to see them kill an amendment which looks to a discrimination against England in the interest of silver." And there was no prophet handy to tell the Massachusetts Senator that, fourteen years later, he would be twitting the Democrats with their infatuation over the silver heresy, and be posing himself as its stern and unyielding enemy! As Mr. Lodge was taught at Harvard to say, Oh trumpery, oh morris!

The great "fight" which a free Republican Convention was to make over the platform, oozed away. Comparison of the document as finally adopted with the official and inspired version put out the Tuesday before, shows that the committee asserted its independence only in occasional and minute changes in phraseology. The one exception is the much fought-over anti-injunction plank. Here we find a real departure from the President's form of words. His language was denounced as a "straddle"; the final output of the committee on resolutions is a straddle plus a dodge. The method was to join contradictories together in such a way as to make a nullity. The plank now reads as follows:

> The Republican party will uphold at all times the authority and integrity of the courts, State and Federal, and will ever insist that their powers to enforce their process and to protect life, liberty, and property shall be preserved inviolate. We believe, however, that the rules of procedure in the Federal courts with respect to the issuance of the writ of injunction should be more accurately defined by statute, and that no injunction, or temporary restraining order, should be issued without notice, except where irreparable injury would result from delay, in which case a speedy hearing thereafter should be granted.

Compromise is written all over this, to the extent of making it practically meaningless. If the labor leaders are pleased, or fooled, by it, they are more gullible than we think. The most ignorant of them must know that the qualifying phrase, "except where irreparable injury would result from delay," covers really every case of injunction. Injunctions are asked precisely in order to prevent irreparable injury. The final form of the plank undoubtedly implies a good deal of a retreat by the President; but he and Secretary Taft seem to think that what is left of their original will be sufficient to delude the labor vote. Yet it is they themselves who are deluded, if they think so.

In the original draft of the platform, the "currency plank" also attracted particular attention for several reasons, not least of which was its distinct declaration that the Aldrich-Vreeland emergency currency bill was a temporary makeshift. That hodge-podge of an expiring session, passed only under a threat of holding up the public buildings appropriations, was, to be sure, "especially commended," but it was de-

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scribed as "a temporary enactment, designed to protect the country from a repetition of such stringency only until there can be established a permanent currency system that will avoid all emergencies." The concluding clause had the marks of innocent naïveté, the notion of a currency system which would forever prevent tight money as a sequel of over-speculation being novel, even to optimists in the matter of currency reform. The platform committee struck out the concluding clause; but what was of considerably larger significance, they struck out also the words "temporary enactment" and substituted the word "law." This was plain enough intimation that the real platform-makers regarded the Aldrich-Vreeland patchwork as a good enough currency statute for the banks and the people, and that the further protestations of the platform, regarding the "need" for a system which will meet everybody's wants, stop fluctuation of interest rates, and be "in harmony with Republican doctrine," are mere buncombe. We are likely to hear more of this humbug of the past session in the discussions of the approaching campaign.

By appointing Luke E. Wright as Secretary of War, Mr. Roosevelt expects, undoubtedly, to aid Mr. Taft in the South. That section will be flattered by the admission of an erstwhile Southern Democrat to a Republican Cabinet, and Mr. Roosevelt's great personal popularity in the South will be further increased. But the appointment will not help to soothe those negroes who are disturbed over Mr. Roosevelt's treatment of the race, and condemn Mr. Taft for having lifted no finger in behalf of the soldiers of the Twenty-fifth Infantry. They know that as a successor to Mr. Taft in the Philippines Mr. Wright was far inferior to him, that his Southern prejudices were extended to the Filipinos, and that no one mourned there when Mr. Wright became the first American Ambassador to Japan. His knowledge of Philippine affairs undoubtedly constitutes a valid reason for Mr. Wright's selection. But the army will sigh for a Secretary chosen with some regard to his fitness for administering the military branch of the service, and will regret the old conditions when the Secretary of War had time for something else besides the affairs of our colonial dependencies.

In resigning the leadership of the Democratic minority in the House of Representatives, John Sharp Williams emits a battle-cry of no particular strength or clarity. His pious hopes for Democratic success in November are contrasted curiously with the vast utterings of Republican confidence at Chicago. "Whether we earn success at the polls next November or not, we have deserved it, and that is all that poor mortals can do. We cannot compel fate." Poor Democratic mortals, Mr. Williams means, of course, since, so far as the other party is concerned, it never has allowed itself to doubt that fate, nature, and nature's God stand ready to obey its behests. As for the Democratic party, so habituated have its leaders grown to moving about in the twilight of discouragement and defeat, that even so good a fighting man as John Sharp Williams, on an occasion that eminently called for a vigorous slogan, can only condition Democratic success on very large "ifs." It may be that the Hon. Champ Clark, upon whom the succession to the leadership falls, will be able to break the spell. Mr. Clark's high spirits are known. He, too, fights well, but he bears the burdens of office more easily than Mr. Williams. He can "convulse" the House. He may perhaps do something to convulse the Democratic party into hopeful activity.

President Roosevelt's injunction to Rudolph Spreckels not to falter in his effort to purify San Francisco politics will, no doubt, hearten the reformers who have been trying vainly to place behind the bars Schmitz, Ruef, and other criminals, large and small. The way the boss and his creatures have slipped through the meshes of the law is enough to discourage anybody. The President is particular, too, to say that the "slander and wicked falsehood" with which Mr. Spreckels and his associates have had to contend are merely the lot of all reformers. He himself has suffered; hence it is with genuine personal sympathy that he calls on Mr. Spreckels "to do the work without flinching, and without losing our good humor and common sense, without becoming angered or losing our heads." The President himself never having berated anybody or lost his temper, or be-adjectived any reactionary, the advice is particularly valuable. It is only fair to say, however, that many of the men and the newspapers that have criticised Mr. Spreckels and his associates have done so from excellent motives, and not in the desire to retard justice or shield the wrongdoers. Unless our observation has misled us, there is a growing feeling in the West that some of the methods of Messrs. Spreckels and Heney were as high-handed as those of the grafters they have run to cover. Meanwhile, it would be interesting to know what Schmitz would say to this latest letter of the man who entertained him in the White House when he was already under indictment.

After years of investigation and months of legal battling, a conviction has been secured from a District of Columbia jury of two out of four defendants charged with defrauding the government out of valuable public lands in Oregon and Washington. It was necessary to bring the trial to the capital because in the West the prevailing sentiment has made conviction of land and timber thieves almost impossible. We have repeatedly spoken of this moral blindness on the part of an entire section of the country to a species of transgression whose great excuse is the frequency with which it is practised. The President's efforts at introducing a stricter enforcement of the public land and forest reserve laws have been received with piteous outcries by the "interests" who would maintain that in the bounteous West you can make a living only by illegal fencing or fraudulent occupation. Congress has not risen up to the support of the President's policy of public-land defence. The same conditions that result in pulling to the surface hosts of prominent citizens wherever the investigator's drag-net goes, and in making punishment by the courts extremely uncertain, have placed the Congressional management of our land and forest policy in the hand of committees overwhelmingly Western. Of the Senate Committee on Public Lands two out of fifteen members are from east of the Mississippi; of the House Committee the ratio is seven out of twenty. The verdict of the Washington jury comes as encouragement when encouragement in a good cause is greatly needed.

The killing of a marine on the battleship Mississippi by a professional prize-fighter is the second or third "accident" of this kind in the navy within the last two years. In the previous instances, the "boxing matches" were between sailors; this time civilian talent was asked on board to make things interesting for the crew. We shall be told, of course, that such incidents are bound to happen in the search for the strenuous which is necessary to toughen men. But the question will not down, why such brutal prize-fights should be permitted on board of our men-of-war. About every State in the Union prohibits them as contrary to public order and morals, and as a result the prize-fighter goes about his business after the manner of the midnight burglar, and is always in fear of arrest. The one place where he is welcomed with open arms and where men are openly encouraged to follow in his footsteps is the navy. Why not devote a couple of our battleships to this sport altogether, if it is so desirable? They could be anchored off this city or Philadelphia or San Francisco, and the sporting fraternity would contribute liberally to their upkeep.

If President Eliot could be conceived

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of as having been waiting for an opportunity to reply to the author of the "mollycoddle" and "milksop" speech on Harvard athletics, delivered a year ago last February, one can imagine him putting special zest into his correspondence with Mr. Roosevelt about the suspended oarsmen. Mr. Eliot almost seems to have drawn upon the President's own vocabulary. There is a familiar ring to these two sentences:

> A keen and sure sense of honor being the finest result of college life, I think the college and graduates should condemn effectually dishonorable conduct. The college should also teach that one must never do scurvy things in the supposed interest of or for the pleasure of others.

When that was read by Mr. Roosevelt, he must have known the sensations of the eagle pierced by an arrow feathered from his own wings. He should have remembered that only last year at Harvard he declared it "mere nonsense" to do anything to limit intercollegiate contests, since they alone kept alive the love of athletics, while "athletics tend to develop moral courage no less than physical—the courage that dares as well as endures, the courage that will fight valiantly against the foes of the soul." The idea that an athlete could do anything except "in honorable and manly fashion," was unthinkable to Mr. Roosevelt. This was, of course, simple ignorance or credulity, on his part. Those actually in touch with what has gone on in the college athletic world have seen too many examples of deceit, trickery, cheating, and the general demoralization bred by the overmastering desire to win.

It may be true, as some philosophers maintain, that modern scientific discoveries have not raised the average of human happiness, but it is undeniable that they preserve and lengthen human life. The bacteriologist who traces the source of a deadly disease to a microscopic organism and thus facilitates its prevention, may seem a less heroic figure than a fireman who rescues women and children from a building in flames, but he may save thousands where the fireman saves one. At the same time, he can only suggest preventive measures; it remains for the community to carry them out; and often the ignorance or carelessness of individuals frustrates all the good work of the scientist and the health board. Contaminated milk, for example, kills so many infants, especially during the summer months. In some cities, even the poor now have an opportunity to secure pure milk, but, unfortunately, it does not remain pure, being exposed to the visits of flies which infect it with the germs of divers diseases. The belief is still current that milk is particularly dangerous to infants when it has turned sour; but this is true only when sourness implies age and contamination. Pure sour milk is now regarded as not only harmless, but remedial, in intestinal disorders. The fly is the offender; on it we must wage a war of extermination if we would save infant lives; and mothers must be taught that our common houseflies are as dangerous as the tigers and snakes of the Indian jungles.

The outcome of the latest British bye-election will come as a sharp reminder to the Liberal party that, in spite of the encouraging result of the last two Scotch elections, the long winter of their discontent is by no means over. Pudsey, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, after going Liberal in January, 1906, by a majority of 3,502, was captured by a Conservative on Saturday, though by the narrow margin of 113. Parliamentary majorities, like everything that lives, begin to die as soon as they are born, and bye-elections in Great Britain have come to be looked upon as corresponding to the physical deterioration of advancing age. But it is the rate of degeneration that counts, and in this respect the government has had sufficient occasion for worry and puzzled reflection. Is it still the fear of Socialism that is lashing on the British electorate towards Chamberlainism? The government's old-age pension bill is one which admittedly the Opposition would have soon been forced to take up, and therefore does not put the country in greater peril of Socialism than would be the case under a Conservative government. Is it the fear of Home Rule? With that question agreement has been reached by the Liberal leaders that the present Parliament cannot deal. And there rests the anomaly that a government with an elaborate programme of popular reforms finds the country going against it. The Education bill, now under discussion, is regarded as the nearest approach to a pacific settlement that has yet been offered. The Irish Universities bill has been accepted by the Opposition. David Lloyd-George's Patents bill and Port of London bill have been enormously popular. Sir Edward Grey conducts foreign affairs in a way that gets praise from Liberals and Conservatives alike—and an old Liberal constituency which held true in the dark years of 1892, 1895, and 1900, and piled up a great majority in 1906, goes over sharply to the other side.

The final voting for the Prussian Diet shows that the Conservatives have gained eleven seats and the Centre nine, while the National Liberals have lost twelve and the Free Conservatives four. Since the Conservatives now have 152 and the Centre 105, for all practical purposes, the Diet is unchanged. But the Liberals and the Radicals of all sections feel deeply chagrined that they have not only made no progress, but have actually lost ground. That the Socialists have obtained a representation of six pleases that wing of the Radicals which believes in an alliance with the Left. The Liberal press has been quick to say that this is a deserved rebuke to their party for permitting itself to be as clay in Von Bülow's hands. Two of the Liberal seats won by the Socialists are in Berlin, in a highly intelligent portion of the city, and this gives an added touch of bitterness to the cup. Not even the wrongs of the unfair indirect suffrage were properly utilized by the Liberals in their campaign. The effect of their Reichstag alliance with the Conservatives seems to have had a paralyzing effect upon them, as must all such compromises with principle. As for their deadly enemies, the Centre and the Agrarians, they are stronger than ever, and more than ever ready to favor reactionary measures and the granting of special privileges. Only the fact that the Socialists have entered the Diet and the hated Poles have captured two more seats, despite their proscription by the government, can detract from the satisfaction of the classes in control.

In adopting the government bill for double-tracking the Siberian Railway, the Russian Duma has merely sanctioned the completion of the original projectors' plans. The matter, however, became important only with the outbreak of the war against Japan. It has ever since been busily discussed. The excellent record made by the Siberian single-tracked road during the war is a matter of common knowledge. What a doubled line could do in that second war with Japan which many in Russia hope for, and many fear, seems to the former class obvious. One track supplied Gen. Kuropatkin with 900,000 men and equipment. Two tracks might recover Manchuria. But the military argument is not the only one that can be adduced. Eastern Siberia, if it is to be held for Russia, must be planted with colonists from Europe. There is not merely the remote danger of a second Japanese advance, but the actual pressure of a steady Chinese immigration from the south which is threatening a peaceful reconquest of the territory once Mongolian. In European Russia overcrowding must be combated by emigration, so that the need exists at both ends of the 6,520 miles of rail from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok. Russia's readiness to assume the enormous cost of construction indicates that the Czar's subjects, like other peoples, have confidence in their future. It throws, too, a rather strong light upon the lavish predictions of national bankruptcy in which Russians and foreigners alike have been fond of indulging.

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THE WORK BEFORE MR. TAFT.

Mr. Taft's equipment for the Presidency, all fair-minded men admit. The winning charm of his personality, no one who has met him can fail to have perceived. He is a hard worker, with a great range. No public man has more thoroughly "looked over the plant," as we have heard one business man express it. Compared with Mr. Bryan, he is steadiness itself. His private life is irreproachable. Yet all these qualifications may go for nothing in a Presidential year like this, unless there be added to them a firm sagacity and an unyielding independence and courage in meeting the great issues.

The chief task now laid upon Secretary Taft is to emerge. For two years his personality has been lost in another's. In 1906, he said in an important speech in Maine: "Speaking, not for the Administration, but for myself." Since then he has not spoken for himself. He has had no voice or wish which was not the Administration's. The big, resolute, forceful man, has let himself be led like a child by Theodore Roosevelt.

That this complete suppression and submission have irked the Secretary has been well known to his friends. He has given in to the attitude of being another man's man, as a disagreeable political necessity. When told that his position was one of much embarrassment and even humiliation, he himself has said: "I know, but I have got to stand it." His distinct implication was, of course, that when the time came, the people would find him standing upon his own feet, thinking his own thoughts, going his own way. That is what the country now looks to him to do. Are we to get back again the Taft that we knew before he put himself into the hands of Roosevelt to be made President? Two years ago, everybody would have said that Mr. Taft would be certain to prove the most plain-spoken and independent of Presidential candidates. He had bearded and defeated Boss Cox. He had told the severe truth to Southern Republicans. He had declared for immediate revision of the tariff. Could it possibly be expected that this man would cling to his seat in the Cabinet, accept the patronizing of his chief, and in every way make himself the shadow of another? The mournful judgment of the Roman historian—*nisi imperasset*—must have occurred to many of Secretary Taft's friends; if he had not done it, all of them would have said that he was incapable of doing it.

We speak of this only to show how imperative it now is that Mr. Taft should assert himself as his own master. He needs to do it, first of all, in order to allay if possible the immense resentment at the way in which his nomination was brought about. Let no friend of his be deceived on this point. Americans do not like to see a Convention coerced. They are not pleased at the unscrupulous use of Federal patronage, and of official threats, to force a candidate upon a party. And in spite of all the jokes which a good-natured people make about it, they do not approve of delegates turned into puppets moved by wires from the White House. They will smile at it, but in their hearts they resent it, when the President issues his glorification of himself as the sole author of Taft's nomination, like another Creator looking upon his work and pronouncing it very good!

This is the initial difficulty which Mr. Taft must apply himself to overcome. From being an echo, he must become an original voice. It is highly probable—indeed, given the nature of Mr. Roosevelt, it is almost certain—that the attempt will be made to run the campaign from Oyster Bay and the White House. Mr. Taft cannot permit that with either self-respect or safety. It is one thing to round up delegates; it is another to dragoon millions of voters. Persuasion has got to do the work of electing a President; and the readiest way in which Mr. Taft can persuade the people is to go to them in his own name and convince them that he means to make himself henceforth the lord of his own fate.

There will be especial reason this year for such a virile display of the personality of the candidate. The outlook is confused. Party lines are badly broken. Labels and names are going to count for less than ever, leadership for more. The platform will go for little compared with the man who stands upon it and interprets it. Who can read the balanced commonplaces, the calculated non-committal, of the Chicago platform, and not feel that it requires to be supplemented by the vigorous declarations of the nominee? The anti-injunction plank, as it stands, is a meaningless mush. It is for Judge Taft to make clear his own position. The promise of free trade with the Philippines is hedged about "with such limitation as to sugar and tobacco as will avoid injury to domestic interests." Will Secretary Taft, one of whose titles to distinction is that he has long fought for a free market for our Filipino wards, permit such a sneaking withholding, while pretending to give? The question will be put to him in the campaign, and a positive answer will be necessary. So there will be in many other matters upon which the platform is studiously vague. The tariff plank may mean anything or nothing. But Mr. Taft is able to make his tariff policy perfectly explicit, and should do so. On the question of the rights of the negro, the platform is not nearly so definite as was that of 1904, much less direct than was the Ohio State platform this year. But the matter will be critical in the campaign, and Mr. Taft will make it plain whither his abolitionist inheritance and his love of justice and fair play will carry him.

TACT IN RULING RACES.

In some respects, the situation of England in India to-day resembles that of the United States in the Philippines. John Morley—"Lord," in his case, does not yet come trippingly on the tongue—in a speech to the members of the Indian Civil Service the other day, put the matter tersely and correctly. He said that there was an undeniable "estrangement" between an alien government and the native populations. What were the causes of it? The main one was "a living movement in the mind of the people of India," with which Englishmen had not yet learned how fully to sympathize and skilfully to deal. Thousands of Hindus are now educated, and they have ideas and aspirations which it is the business of the government to satisfy. And unless order can be reconciled with that satisfaction, "the fault," said the Secretary of State for India, "will not be theirs. It will be ours. It will mark the breakdown of British statesmanship."

Comparison of this attitude of the man responsible for the government of India with that of Americans charged with the duty of administering the Philippines, is not one to heighten our patriotic pride. Take, for example, last Friday's action of the Philippine Assembly, in voting before adjournment that nothing but independence would satisfy the national desires, and that it ought to be granted quickly. In this, too, we see a "living movement in the mind of the people"; and it is also a movement, as Mr. Morley said of the agitation in India, "for objects which we ourselves have all taught them to think desirable objects." Yet what is the stand of the American authorities in face of this significant manifestation? It is one of incredulity and contempt. Governor-General Smith at once takes to telegraphing that the resolution of the Philippine Assembly amounts to nothing; that the natives do not know what they are talking about; that it is ridiculous to speak of their being fit for independence, and that the whole movement may safely be ignored. In a word, our official attitude is that of "pure repression," which Lord Morley declared to be simply impossible for liberty-loving Englishmen.

John Bull may love liberty, but he shares with Brother Jonathan the distinction of belonging to what has been called "the worst-mannered race on the face of the earth that has been summoned, in the providence of God, to have rule over the best-mannered peoples in the world." Tact in bearing and graciousness in speech count enormously in

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removing friction between a ruling and a subject race; but they are almost the last things an Englishman or an American thinks to be necessary. More than forty years ago Cobden thought it an ominous sign that English officials in India usually referred to the natives as "niggers." That word is as common in the Philippines as it is in the South. Complaints of overbearing insolence by the ruling class come also from Egypt. An Englishwoman who has lived there for many years recently wrote to a newspaper at home:

> We are hated! loathed!—and no wonder. The French and Germans, on the contrary, get on all right with them. A native told a friend of mine whose German name deceived him, that they will sell their cotton cheaper to a German—to any one rather than at a better price to an Englishman. I wish something could be done. I wish educated English men and women would realize that to be courteous is just as much a duty as to be honest. This sounds exaggerated, but I really believe rudeness rouses more hatred and bitterness than good honest cheating.

Lord Cromer dwells in his book upon this defect in Englishmen. After doing for the natives all that they knew how, in their blunt, awkward, and supercilious way, the only result was to find themselves thoroughly disliked; while the Egyptians would clasp to their bosoms the first Frenchman that came along. One trouble is that John Bull is no linguist. Like our own Governors-General in Cuba and the Philippines, he thinks it beneath his dignity to learn a foreign tongue. And he is as amazed and indignant as an American to find that foreigners cannot address him in his own beloved English. A recent street scene in Cairo illustrates the point. An old resident of the city writes:

> I met a friend one day in the bazaar at Cairo, who had been unhorsed, or rather unassed, and who, to the amusement of a crowd of donkey-boys who had gathered, was ejaculating in fury. "Where's the police? You beastly fellows! Why don't you talk a language I can understand? Where's the police?"

It is a time-worn moral. If manners maketh man, certainly manners maketh a governor of subject races. Well-settled political convictions and sound principles of government are essential in planning any protectorate or form of superior control, but almost as important—in practice, often more important—is tact. Thoroughly to understand the native, and then to enter sympathetically into his life and even his dreams, is the beginning of wisdom for ruling races.

THE LUXURY OF HATRED.

Although at peace with all the world, and secure in the consciousness that the American people do not desire and will not provoke a war with any other country, we nevertheless declare our unalterable devotion to a policy that will keep this republic ready at all times to defend her traditional doctrines, and assure her an appropriate part in promoting permanent tranquillity among the nations.

This sentence from the Republican "plank" on the army and navy is as meaningless as it was intended to be. Anybody can subscribe to it, though sober and pacific persons cannot subscribe to President Roosevelt's policy of a big fighting force on land and sea. The question, of course, is how many soldiers and ships we need in order to protect ourselves and promote permanent tranquillity among the nations.

The real issue is raised in a few pregnant words in an interview with Herr von Holstein recently printed by the Paris *Matin:* "Hatred between nations is a luxury, the cost of which is incalculable." Herr von Holstein wielded for many years an enormous influence over the external policy of Germany, and his long experience in the German Foreign Office enables him to speak with authority. It is therefore significant that he looks forward to a time when hatred will be put an end to as a useless expense. His plain implication is that hatred between nations is ethically on the same footing as hatred between persons, and similar in results. Nearly one hundred and forty years ago Burke eloquently argued that those principles of morality which apply to the individual apply also to men in the mass—to political parties and to whole peoples. The notion has made but slow headway. It is only within a few decades that a considerable public opinion has come to support the view that for fifty or for one hundred thousand men to kill their fellows, except in self-defence, is as unjustifiable as unprovoked murder committed by the individual. This is the idea that underlay President Wilson's baccalaureate sermon at Princeton, in which he maintained that the so-called corporate conscience is, in last analysis, a group of individual consciences; and that the respectable gentlemen who lie and steal for the sake of a corporation belong in the general category with other liars and thieves. It is equally true that the men who hate the Germans and the Japanese, and who try to make political capital by declaiming against the foreigner and stirring up enmity, and who adopt the manners of the bully toward weaker peoples, are no whit better than the men who hate their neighbors in the same street and bully their poor relations.

And most of our loud talk about readiness to defend ourselves is nothing but a reflection of that sheer, blind distrust of the foreigner which is characteristic of ignorance and chauvinism. For example, the argument for four battleships, urged upon Congress in its last session, was not supported by detailed evidence and reasoning. There is never any such analysis of our naval expenditure as any well-conducted business house would demand from its executive officers. It would be interesting to see our experts, from the President down, divide the items of the naval appropriation bill into two headings:

1. That which is essential to national safety.
2. That which is not.

Then under each item we should like to see the clear proof that this particular hundred thousand dollars—or million—is a necessity; that to refuse to vote it will really imperil our standing; that four new battleships are imperative, rather than three, or two, or one. Of course, we can scatter vessels all over the earth, put one in every port; but where is it vital to our interests to maintain a battleship, where a cruiser? How large a fleet must we actually have in the Philippines, within easy reach of Panama, along the Atlantic seaboard, or in the Mediterranean? These questions must be capable of a rational answer. It is not enough to reply with a sweeping generalization about "preparedness." That really begs the question. If preparedness means anything, it means a definite number of vessels of definite kinds, definitely distributed, with regard to certain definite dangers.

But once we attempt to translate the frantic clamor for a big navy into such concrete terms, we perceive the emptiness of the whole pretence. People are asked to pour out their millions in response to the silly watchword of our "fighting" admirals that what we want is fewer statesmen and more battleships; in response to somebody's vague, unuttered, and unutterable suspicions about the sinister designs of Japan or Germany or Great Britain; in response to absurd appeals to the war spirit. The agitation is an attempt, not to convince the intellect, but to play upon the emotions—and those, too, far from the highest. In fine, the military mania is in essence a mania of hatred; and of all hatreds it is the costliest. Herr von Holstein had before his eyes the spectacle of Europe groaning under its armaments, and Germany in particular facing huge deficits. But expenditures for which Germany and England have some excuse are sheer waste for us. We are relatively free from the entanglements that vex European Powers. Our position makes it almost inconceivable that any nation should attack us unless we provoke it beyond endurance. Why, then, should we think it necessary to continue in our policy of rivalling the navies of the Old World? Such a course is at bottom a manifestation of hatred, and of a hatred the cost of which, in money alone, is incalculable.

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THE REALLY ACADEMIC.

It would be an interesting Teufelsdröckhian speculation to consider the causes of the increasing vogue of the academic cap and gown. Only a few weeks ago, Ambassador Bryce commented on the matter at the College of the City of New York. Forty years ago, he said, this formal garb was absolutely unknown here, apart from the judges on the Supreme Bench. Much more recently than that, the clothes-philosopher might have beheld the graduating class saying farewell to alma mater in the modern abomination of full dress and stove-pipe hat. Now in many a college, East and West, he would see under broad-spreading trees a long and stately procession—gray-haired trustees golden-tasselled, as gorgeous as kings, the corps of instruction radiant with the colors of American and European universities and their several faculties, the white masters of arts, the full black cohorts of the bachelors—moving rhythmically across the grass to slow music. How suggestive of the marching ages, of tradition, of the solemn linking of the future to the past! But what, the philosophic observer would inquire, is the relation of these new clothes to the wearers? What is the spirit of innovation? Is it economy, fashion, peacock pride? Or has some inner change come over the gamin and scapegrace spirit of the students, as over the prose and practicality of the elders, corresponding to this outward change in splendor and state?

It is possible that this reversion to academic dress foretokens a general reaction against the over-secularization of our seats of learning. The days of the cloister and of detachment from mundane affairs seem very remote. No one is likely to speak of Harvard or Michigan or Dartmouth or Chicago as a "home of lost causes" or a "queen of romance." Schooled into a painful dread of unworldliness, they now meet the world more than half way. The retiring, unpractical scholar, nourishing impossible dreams, is becoming a thing of the past. The modern scholar inspects mines, advises corporations and Cabinet ministers, reforms spelling, improves steel rails, and perfects the breed of cattle. The State universities, often developing around a farm and carpenter shop, have most completely broken down the barrier between the academic and the secular. Directly dependent upon the State for support, they are constantly reminded that they must not live unto themselves, but unto the immediate needs of the people. Their fundamental principle of honoring every truth by use has doubtless been wholesome and invigorating.

Yet something of the finer spirit of the old college life has been lost through the more intimate contact with the world. There are cloistral virtues as well as cloistral vices; some of the choicest elements of liberal culture thrive only in a certain academic isolation and tranquillity. As W. B. Yeats says, "Two conditions are essential to the making of a poet, multitude and solitude." If a man passes with a sensible shock from the atmosphere of the college to the atmosphere of the world, and *vice versa*, he learns much both ways. He is constrained to test the world by the college, and the college by the world. Nothing is more severely educative than the necessity of confronting sharply distinct ideals and standards, and choosing among them. When the college was a comparatively isolated colony, it was better able to simplify the problems of life and to compel reflection upon fundamentals. It was better able to embody and suggest those old-fashioned graces of culture which, in spite of all the tedious chatter to the contrary, can never be taught—can only be suggested and exemplified. It was better able to preserve its store of fine traditions, to insist upon its own stately ways of thought, its academic dignity of action.

We are all too apt to undervalue the academic virtues, and to the undergraduate the most distasteful of all things is ceremony. But it is also the most subtly formative, invisibly carving the moral lineaments gross or fine. A beautiful and elevated chapel service, a decorous university assembly, a commencement oration choice in diction and lofty in tone, the procession, with its venerable pomp—how much these things have heightened his love for a "hieratic order and beauty in the conduct of life," the student learns in his later shocks of revulsion at the theatrical or unrestrained manner and the vulgar bearing and language of many a popular orator and preacher. It would be impossible to forget the address on the death of a favorite pupil delivered by an old classical professor who had read his Sophocles and Lucretius for fifty years—its deep feeling, eloquently expressed, yet moulded and subdued by the austerity of his character and his august bearing toward death and the mystery. It was sternly beautiful and nobly consolatory. It dignified the dead youth and purged the emotions of the audience with something of the effect attributed by the ancients to tragedy. That was the true academic, in the presence of which ribald tongues and hearts hold their peace, disciplining their souls by silence. We ought to rescue a fine word and fine idea from degradation: the father of all the academics was Socrates, praying under the plane trees: "O Pan, and all ye gods that haunt this place, give me beauty in the inward man!"

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND THE EMMANUEL MOVEMENT.

One of the most interesting phenomena of our time is the rapid growth of the Christian Science cult in the United States, from which it is now spreading to foreign climes. Closely allied as it is to other systems of belief—such, for instance, as Faith Cure, Mental Healing, Metaphysical Healing, New Thought, etc.—it is distinguished from them all by its material success, by the large number of its devotees, and especially by the fact that, while these other cults have in common with it a basis in a misconceived idealism, it surpasses them all in the absurdities of doctrine taught by Mrs. Eddy.

The first reading of her chief work, "Science and Health With a Key to the Scriptures," leaves the impression, in spite of much that is strikingly beautiful and true, that there is a prevailing tone of incoherence, contradiction, illogicality, and arbitrary, dictatorial assertion, with no regard for evident fact either in the realm of objective nature or of history.

Had this sentence been written by a hostile critic it would appear to be a fairly strong expression of disapproval. It is found, however, in "The Interpretation of Life" (p. 700), by G. C. Mars,* who is a reverent follower of Mrs. Eddy; and it may therefore be accepted as an acknowledgment of the doctrinal weaknesses above spoken of. The ready acceptance of the teachings of Mrs. Eddy by educated, intelligent, and even talented men and women will surely be looked upon by our descendants as a valuable commentary upon the quality of our intellectual development. In this connection Mr. Mars's work is interesting; for it is virtually an apologetic of nearly 800 closely-printed pages which he tells us is "the fruit of more than twenty years of reading, observation, and thought." The book deserves attention mainly because it will, without doubt, be hailed by the Christian Scientist as an adequate reply to all hostile criticism. Mr. Mars covers the realm of science and philosophy, enters into a detailed exposition of the Kantian and post-Kantian metaphysics, and deals lightly with an enormous number of problems which, though of the greatest significance, have little logical relation with his final outcome—that in Mrs. Eddy's teachings we have (p. 761) "the most significant and comprehensive interpretation which has yet been put upon life."

It is easy to consider this movement in a coldly critical spirit, to impugn the motives of the leaders, and to look with disdain upon the logical weaknesses of those who follow; but if we are not entirely devoid of human sympathy, we must regard the matter from quite another point of view. Here are immense numbers of men and women, whom we meet in the ordinary affairs of life without questioning their keenness of intelligence, who nevertheless follow teachings which imply logical blindness and uncritical unintelligence. They cannot act thus without what are to them sufficient reasons. One of the strong forces which lead men to Christian Science is strongly exemplified by Mr. Mars: viz., the relief from effort to think clearly; the joy of be-

* *The Interpretation of Life*: in Which Is Shown the Relation of Modern Culture to Christian Science. By Gerhardt C. Mars. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3 net.

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ing admitted to a mystic communion in which people are taught to say with Mr. Mars in his closing sentence:

He who would know whether or not Christian Science is true, can never determine it by the measure of a discursive logic or an academic criticism. But giving himself up to his deepest intellectual insight and highest ethical volitions, he must *think* it, *feel* it, and *will* it; and then he will find himself dropping the illusions of his material existence, and entering into the spiritual realities of a new heaven and a new earth.

This particular attraction is, however, offered by many other mystical cults, and we are therefore compelled to look further for the special cause of the spread of Christian Science. This is apparently the fact that faith in these doctrines carries with it for many people great physical benefits which they have come to believe cannot be gained in any other manner. It may be, as will be indicated later on, that we are not far from being able to present a thoroughly rational doctrine which will account for the curative effects above referred to; but until such a doctrine is presented in a form that can be comprehended by those of average education, we must not complain if men and women are willing, like the martyr on the rack, to agree to accept any kind of doctrine, and to deny any and all of reason's dictates, if they believe that by so doing, and only by so doing, they are able to check tortures they are enduring.

The fact that this new teaching is taking many from the long-established churches, coupled with the undoubted successes its devotees have had in the treatment of disease, has led certain of the clergy to study it with mingled alarm and sympathy. If we may judge by the contents of a book* which the publishers announce as "official," the clergy of the Emmanuel Church in Boston are moved by both of these emotions. On the one hand, they fear for the future of the established churches unless they follow in pathways closely parallel with those trodden by Mrs. Eddy's followers, while, on the other hand, they are convinced that the methods of Christian Science in the cure of diseases of certain types are singularly effective. According to the statement on page 1, the object is "to describe in plain terms the work in behalf of nervous sufferers which has been undertaken in Emmanuel Church, Boston." Dr. Worcester tells us (p. 13) that "this movement bears no relation to Christian Science, either by way of protest or of imitation." This statement must be taken as an honest opinion, but it is difficult to believe, as he goes on to say, that the movement "would be what it is had the latter [Christian Science] never existed." In any event, it is clear that the cures effected by Christian Scientists and the Emmanuel Church clergy result from methods of essentially the same nature. It is clear also that both agree that religious emotions and conceptions have a notable effect on disease; and the Christian Scientists will probably hold Dr. Worcester's assertion that he would lead us "back to Jesus" to be but a restatement of the teaching of Mrs. Eddy. It is true that the views of the Emmanuel Church workers seem much more intelligible than those expressed by Mrs. Eddy, who, according to our authors, "interprets Scripture in a way that excites the scholar's disgust" (p. 300): but, in this respect, these critics themselves cannot be said to be beyond censure, and it is improbable that Mrs. Eddy's disciples will acknowledge that our authors have made an advance; rather are they likely to maintain that all that is valuable in the Emmanuel movement is directly copied from their own tenets and practice.

The authors urge, however, one marked difference between their doctrine and Christian Science, in that such medical treatment as they advocate is taken under the advice of skilled physicians. In this they profess to go back to the habit of the Apostolic Fathers.

This consultation with physicians is the more important because the Emmanuel healers decline to treat organic nervous troubles and limit themselves to the cure of what they describe as functional nervous diseases. Our authors further argue that the mind has direct power over the body and that there exists in each of us a "sub-conscious mind" which is "a normal part of our spiritual nature" (p. 42), but which is "purer, more sensitive to good and evil than our conscious mind," and which "has more direct control of our physical processes than the conscious." They then attempt to show that by suggestion and auto-suggestion this powerful sub-conscious mind is able to react favorably upon the nerves. The use of hypnotism is not in general recommended, but certain forms of suggestion are deemed most effective when presented to the "sub-conscious mind" in the hypnotic trance.

Dr. Worcester and Dr. McComb further maintain (p. 293) that "faith simply as a psychical process or mental attitude . . . has healing virtue," and that (p. 294) "the more deeply personality is involved in any given ailment, the more necessary is it that faith should have an object worthy of men's ethical dignity"; *i. e.*, that this faith should be directed toward God. Hence the value of the association of religion with psychotherapy. It is held (p. 312) that without question "the prayer of faith has an immense influence over the functions of organic life," and (p. 316) that "when we pray long and earnestly for the moral and physical welfare of another, our soul not only acts on that soul, but our prayer rising in the mind of God directs his will more powerfully and constantly to the soul for which we pray." This, in brief, is the argument of the book so far as it is an attempt to place upon a rational basis these therapeutic practices.

The authors, to be sure, dwell upon certain matters which do not evidently relate to the doctrines as above stated. They recognize, for instance, the individuality of the physician as a factor of the highest importance (p. 263); and when they teach us that "morbid thoughts can be driven out only by other and healthy ones" (p. 272), they are enunciating a rule which has been followed for many centuries not only by doctors and clergymen but by all sane advisers of wide experience. The final chapters are devoted to an interpretation of "The Healing Wonders of Christ," whom the writers look upon as setting an example which they follow; and to a discussion of the "Outlook of the Church," of which the thesis is that the Church to-day "is not bringing the whole force of the Christian religion to bear upon the lives of the people" (p. 371); that we must go "back to Jesus" and try to live again His life in all its fulness. Here the implication is that unless the Christian Church makes itself the guardian of physical as well as moral health, it will not only fail of its mission, but will lose all its influence.

No one will deny that much suffering may be alleviated and certain cures effected through treatment by suggestion, a treatment which is used by many physicians openly, and by many others without recognition of the nature of the process. It is not surprising then to read of the success of the devoted clergymen and doctors who have joined in the clinical work at Emmanuel Church. Every one will wish them a continuation of this success, which probably has been in no small degree due to the fact that neurasthenic patients are likely to be timid souls who stand in awe of the ordinary physician, a fallible man speaking for himself, but who yield their confidence to the priest whom they look upon as the representative of an all-wise, all-loving, and all-powerful Father.

We cannot, however, concede that religion is dependent for its persistence upon any such collateral physical benefit, and it is very doubtful whether many thoughtful Christians will agree that Christ's healing of the sick was of the very essence of his message to humanity. To suggest that our clergymen must become doctors of the body if the influence of Christianity is to be maintained is a cry of despair which ill becomes one who holds firmly to the faith professed by the writers of this book. No doubt confidence in the medical adviser is essential to the success of such treatment as is here described, and in certain cases doubtless such confidence is most readily attained in connection with religious teaching. This fact might lead properly to closer relations between doctor and clergyman, and a greater willingness on the part of the clergyman to trust the trained expert. But if we may judge by comparison of the present with the past, the functions of the priest and of the physician are likely to become more and more distinct with the development of specialization.

As already stated, the authors offer an explanation of the process of effecting cures through religious influences which is much more rational than the theories of Christian Scientists, Faith Curists, Metaphysical Healers, and the like, yet the book still leaves much to be desired in this particular. One finds at times too ready an acceptance of current notions, and at times not a little vagueness of conception. It is not obvious that a sharp line can be drawn between organic and functional disorders, whether nervous or other. Nor is it clear that the words "nervous" and "nervousness" are used with accuracy. And when we turn from the physical to the psychic side we find equal vagueness and even certain contradictions. The word "spiritual" is constantly employed as though it referred to a special substance within us distinct from

* *Religion and Medicine.* The Moral Control of Nervous Disorders. By Elwood Worcester, D.D., Samuel McComb, D.D., and Isador H. Coriat, M.D. Pp. 416. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.50 net.

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the body and mind (p. 390, last lines), or even distinct from the body and soul (p. 379). Dr. Worcester and Dr. McComb state (p. 315) that telepathy "is regarded by many sane and sober men as, if not actually proved, at least exceedingly probable," and base upon this supposed fact their explanation of the influence exerted by prayer upon the "mind of God"; yet in another connection Dr. Worcester scouts (p. 65) the notion of "telepathic bond between the operator and every subject he attempts to treat" as a "baseless assumption."

If we now turn to the main theses, we discover that the first step involves a number of assumptions that cannot be taken for granted. No competent psychologist will hesitate to agree that each individual has a "sub-conscious mind" provided we mean by this term what may better be described as sub-attentive consciousness, that is, mental activity of an individual which exists without "awareness"; without the individual's appreciation of its existence. This, in fact, is all that the term "sub-conscious mind" can properly mean. But it certainly would be difficult to prove that the "sub-conscious mind" as thus considered "has more direct control of our physical processes than the conscious," and "is purer, more sensitive to good and evil than our conscious mind."

The great weakness of our authors' explanations and arguments, however, is rooted in their fundamental assumption that the mind has control over the body in certain directions and is powerless in others. The Christian Scientist is theoretically more consistent in maintaining that the mind's power is exerted over the whole realm of our bodily activities. While opponents of this cult are able to disprove any such wide extension of the mind's power, they in turn leave us with the highly unsatisfactory notion of the common man who holds the relation between mind and body to be purely haphazard and lawless. This is so formidable a difficulty that it seems worth while to note that it is avoided by the adoption of another hypothesis which also aids us greatly in our comprehension of the relation of therapeutic influences to our mental states. This hypothesis, which is now held by a large proportion of our leading psychologists, is what is known as the theory of "parallelism," the theory of correspondence between changes in the activities of nerve and changes in mental states. According to this theory in its thoroughgoing form, each change in the nervous system on the physical side is accompanied on the mental side by a coincident change in the psychic system which we call consciousness, and vice-versa. The relation between mental state and bodily state is thus looked upon as one of coincidence, or correspondence, or concomitance. Thus we are not forced to assume the existence of any causal interaction between mind and body whatever; for the facts may be equally well explained by assuming that such causal relations as exist are quite within the physical series, or within the mental series respectively. As Clifford put it, we say, "A feeling of chill made a man run." We have here two parallel series, one mental, the other physical. "Sometimes one series is known better and sometimes the other; so that in telling a story we speak sometimes of mental and sometimes of material facts." When we say, "A feeling of chill made a man run," we should say, strictly speaking:

> The nervous disturbance which coexisted with that feeling of chill made him run, if we want to talk about material facts; or the feeling of chill produced the form of sub-consciousness which coexists with the motion of legs, if we want to talk about mental facts.

The importance of this consideration appears when we consider that if it is adopted we are compelled to restate the facts with which our authors deal, and in so doing we find an explanation of the phenomena here considered in terms closely related to our more ordinary conceptions. Thus we should say that what our authors call the "sub-conscious mind," but what we describe as the sub-attentive consciousness, is the psychic correspondent of unemphatic activities in many nerve parts, while clear consciousness is the psychic correspondent of emphatic activities in certain nerve parts the location of which is more or less known to us. If this be true, then with a change in the form of this sub-attentive consciousness, a change must at the same time occur in the form of the corresponding unemphatic activities of nerve; just as it happens that if the clear consciousness is changed, a simultaneous change must occur in the emphatic activities in the special nerve parts spoken of. If, then, suggestion yields an emphasis of certain ideas in clear consciousness, as it does in every movement of our waking lives, there must at the same time exist an emphasis of the activities of certain nerve parts. Furthermore, if we have evidence, which we seem to have, that suggestion can also effect changes in our sub-attentive consciousness ("sub-conscious mind"), then it must be that when these sub-attentive mental changes take place some changes must also occur in the unemphatic activities of the nerve parts which correspond with the "sub-conscious mind." It is to be noted that the changes of nerve activity which thus occur, whether accompanied by clear consciousness or not, may under certain conditions result in benefit to the whole system of nerves.

Turning to the efficiency of auto-suggestion, we may note in the first place that the definition of it (p. 93) is practically a definition of voluntary action, that is, "a self-imposed narrowing of the field of consciousness to one idea, by holding a given thought in the mental focus, to the exclusion of all other thoughts." The "practical hints" as to auto-suggestion (pp. 105 and 106) amount to injunctions to retire into the realms of undisturbed reflection and then to emphasize voluntarily the series of thoughts which seem likely to bring the fullest benefit. We are thus led to see that we are here dealing with the so-called power of the will over our bodily activities in general and especially over those which are related with morbid functioning. In this connection it is worth our while to remind ourselves that the best of psychologists since Locke have agreed that there exists within us no will entity that acts; that what we describe as "the will" is a concept built up out of material given in our experience of willing or choice, *i. e.*, of the rejection of one and the welcome of another of two incompatible ideas.

Now it is true that in certain cases where we are dealing with series in which acts of choice enter, we, as Clifford says, sometimes know the mental series better than the corresponding physical series. We experience that mental state which we describe as an act of choice, say, to go to the right rather than to the left; but do not think of the physical change of nerve activity which accompanies this mental act. Following this mental experience of choice, we note certain changes in muscular action resulting in our turning to the right. We then speak of the mental act of choice as having caused the physical change in bodily action. But under the view here considered, if the causal relation is to be spoken of, it seems more proper to say that the physical change of nerve condition coincident with this mental act of choice caused the physical (muscular) changes resulting in the turning to the right.

If then we accept this hypothesis it would appear that the efficiency of will, and of auto-suggestion in relation to disease, may be explained as follows: If you can induce the persistence of a notion in attention you have at the same time also induced a more or less permanent condition of nerve activity which must tend to modify future conditions of nerve activity, and these modifications may be in the direction of the reëstablishment of unbalanced conditions. Thus, if a person "wills" the disappearance of a pain he "wills" the replacement of the painful mental state by some other that is not painful. To his mental act of will there corresponds a physical change of nerve activity; and if the pain disappears after the act of will, it is because the alterations of nerve activity accompanying this act of will actually bring into existence a new physical condition to which corresponds the new and non-painful mental state. Now we have much reason to believe that painful mental states correspond with inefficient activities in nerve, and the displacement of painful mental states by others that are not painful therefore means that inefficient nerve activities are displaced by other and more efficient activities. The physical parts whose activities were inefficient (to which corresponded the mental painfulness) are thus brought to a condition of relative quiescence which is a condition favorable to recuperation. If, therefore, there be no serious lesion, the replacement of the painfulness may well be accompanied by repair of the nerve parts affected, which will therefore be in future less liable to display recurrence of the previous morbid condition and its corresponding painful mental state.

The physician in fact has always at his command two types of symptoms, one the patient's physical condition as objectively viewed, the other the corresponding mental condition of the patient as it is communicated to him. In some cases the physical condition alone is emphatic enough to attract attention, although the patient may be unable to distinguish the corresponding mental condition which we know must exist: thus a change in the nature of the "knee jerk" may indicate to a psychiatrist a morbid condition of which his patient has no psychic indication. There are other cases where there is no physical indication of diseased nerve tissue, which, however, the skilled diagnos-

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tician feels certain will be found because of certain morbid psychic states of which his patient tells him. We are thus led to see that without dependence upon the doubtful hypotheses suggested in the book before us we may treat a vast proportion of the cases dealt with by our authors, using suggestion, and auto-suggestion, and hypnotism, if need be, to bring into existence desirable changes of mental state, realizing that we cannot bring about this result without at the same time changing the conditions of nerve activity in the patient, and that these changes may be followed by more or less fundamental alterations of physical condition, to which will correspond alterations in the nature of the patient's personality.

Question may well be raised, however, whether any large proportion of the cases treated successfully by the Emmanuel Church or Christian Science methods would be benefited if the patients looked upon the matter somewhat as we have just done, or if they saw any other explanation of the phenomena which might appear more logical and less open to objection than ours. In other words, we are led to ask how far these cures are dependent upon the appeal to the mysterious, to the miraculous. The fact that they are effected as well by the Christian Scientist, as by the saner and more reasonable Emmanuel workers seems to indicate that it is the method that counts and not the substance of the connected beliefs. Nevertheless, any one who has had much experience with the frailties of human nature must be convinced that not a few of the patients whose illnesses are alleviated would not be thus benefited unless they felt that they were under supernatural influences. And this raises the broader question whether it is folly to teach wisdom where ignorance is bliss. Those who believe that the attainment of pleasure or the avoidance of pain is of highest significance in this world will tell us that it were better to accept even necromancy than to lose the opportunity to relieve human suffering. There are those, on the other hand, who feel that there are other more important ends than the hedonistic, that the greatest nobility of character cannot be gained so long as men fail to face the facts of life as they understand them, that in the long run it will be to the advantage of the race to risk the continuance of some suffering among weaklings whom the arts of magic alone can relieve, rather than to curtail the development of clear thinking and rational activity among the common people.

H. R. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A New England book of great rarity as well as historical importance is Winslow's "Good Newes from New-England: or a true relation of things very remarkable at the Plantation of Plimoth in New-England, Printed by I. D. for William Bladen and John Bellamie, 1624." The title-page was twice printed, the earlier form having twenty-five lines only. Later in the year a new title was printed containing two additional lines above the imprint: "Whereunto is added by him a briefe Relation of a credible intelligence of the present estate of Virginia." This "briefe Relation" made an additional leaf, with the signature mark ")(2" and was bound at the end. Although this leaf properly belongs in copies of the second issue only, it is sometimes found in copies of the first. Justin Winsor was apparently uncertain about the variations, and in his "Earliest Printed Sources of New England History," says that the book was issued "possibly in two issues" in 1624. He was able to locate copies in the British Museum, Lenox, Boston Public (Thomas Prince's copy), the Massachusetts Historical Society, and John Carter Brown libraries. The Deane copy noted by him, and which brought $800 at Libbie's in March, 1898, is now in the Pequot library in Southport, Conn. The copy once in the Harvard Library has, according to Winsor, disappeared. Yale University and the Library Company of Philadelphia also possess copies, and another is in the Ayer library in Chicago. There are copies in at least two private collections in this city, one being the Sheffield copy, doubtless the finest in existence, as it is uncut at side and bottom. The title-page is of the earliest form, but the additional leaf relating to Virginia is at the end. It brought £250 only at the Sheffield sale on November 5 last, but from the catalogue description it would have been supposed to be of the second issue, and no mention was made that it was an uncut copy. The Ashburnham copy, which brought £240 in 1900 (and which is also now in New York) was of the second issue.

The Florence Press Books is the title of a new series to be printed in a special "Florence" type designed by Herbert P. Horne. The "trial impression" is to be a reprint of the earliest known guide-book to Florence, "Memoriale di molte statue e pitture, sono inclyta cipta di Florentia," published in 1510. The "first Florence Press Book" will be "The Fioretti, or Little Flowers of S. Francis." This is a newly revised version of Professor Arnold's translation, and will contain collotype reproductions of twenty-five contemporary drawings by an unknown hand, which are found in a manuscript preserved in the Laurentian library. Chaucer's "Romaunt of the Rose" will be the second book. The edition of each of the above three books will be 500 copies on paper, and ten copies on vellum. The books are to be published for the Florence Press by Chatto and Windus. A few years ago there were hundreds of collectors of "special press" books, some, it is true, subscribing solely with the idea of selling the books when prices had sufficiently advanced. All of the earlier issues of the Vale Press, the Essex House Press, and the Elston Press (not to mention the Roycroft Press), were subscribed for before publication, and prices immediately advanced. But, with a few exceptions, they are now far below the subscription price, and when bought are not bought as special press books, but for their reading matter, apparently. It will be interesting to see whether this new series will receive adequate support.

In a catalogue recently issued by Sotheran & Co. of London, they offer the autograph manuscript three pages, folio, of Robert Burns's "The Twa Herds," which Burns himself said was "the first of my poetical productions that saw the light." The same catalogue describes a series of forty-seven letters of Walter Savage Landor, addressed to Mrs. Lynn Linton, and eighteen letters of Swinburne also addressed to Mrs. Linton, and mainly referring to Landor.

Among the books sold by Messrs. Hodgson from the libraries of H. H. Dobree, the late Dr. Rutherford, and others were: Boccaccio's "Le Décameron," 5 vols., £51; Parkinson's "Paradise," 1629, £15; Montaigne's "Essays" (slightly defective), 1603, £14; Ackermann's "Microcosm of London," 3 vols., £13; "The Roadster's Album," colored plates by Newhouse, £46.

Correspondence.

A DEFECT IN THE "CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I beg to call the attention of those of your readers who purchase volume II. of the "Cambridge History of English Literature" to the character of the Chaucer bibliography appended to it at pages 514-527. This list is of necessity condensed and selected; but it is a selection which pays no heed to the intrinsic value of the monographs mentioned, and which does not group together the titles of works now superseded and of the papers which displace them. Under the head of Translations, room might have been found for the principal modernizers and translators of Chaucer, had the bibliography been pruned of errors and repetitions.

More than this, misstatements which Furnivall and Skeat have done their best to correct begin in this volume a new lease of life. Nicolas again appears as an editor of Chaucer, owing to the printing of his life of the poet with various collections of the poems; and Tyrwhitt also becomes editor of the Poetical Works, thanks to the deceptive title of the 1843 Chaucer, on which his name was used. The compiler of the Cambridge bibliography deduces from the 1843 edition a connection between it and Tyrwhitt's Chaucer-work (the "Canterbury Tales" only) of 1775-8; he accordingly creates for Tyrwhitt a "ghost-edition" of the Works, to which he assigns the date 1775-8, and multiplies the falsification by adding "Last edition, 1843."

The construction of the bibliography from catalogues and indexes is evident. It is to be regretted that the great "Cambridge Literature" should lend its sanction not only to the regeneration of old error, but to the creation of new.

ELEANOR P. HAMMOND.

Chicago, June 13.

COMMERCIALISM AND THE GRADUATE SCHOOL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The charges brought against the graduate school by Dr. Stuart P. Sherman in your issue of May 14 are too sweeping and too picturesquely expressed to be quite true. The facts are not, I think, quite so startling as Dr. Sherman's version of them. Dr. Sherman seems to have been generalizing from insufficient data—to be specific, from his observation of conditions at Harvard a few years ago. He

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is not quite fair even to the Harvard of that day; and since then conditions have improved. Knowing him to be a Harvard man, one might suppose from his letter that no advanced courses in literature were offered in the Harvard Graduate School. On the contrary, I am glad to bear witness from my own experience that a man may spend two or three years at Harvard in the profitable and delightful study of literature, and that he will find there admirable courses of exactly the sort which Dr. Sherman desiderates. To be sure, he must pay the price; he will probably not be able to write after his name the magical letters which are the open sesame to professorships in certain colleges and universities. But is the price so great? That man cares little for the study of literature who rates it lower than the doctor's degree. Dr. Sherman's attack, I think, was directed at the wrong place. He might more justly have attacked the materialistic spirit of men who prefer the Ph.D. to the study of literature; or he might have exposed the still popular fallacy that the degree is a certificate of training for teachers.

The situation of a young man who goes to Harvard intending to study English literature as a preparation for teaching is briefly this. He is confronted by a large number of courses in philology and in literature, some of the latter being "snap" courses, and some of them being thorough and admirable. He is advised to take courses chiefly literary during the first year. At the beginning of the second year he comes to a fork in the road. He finds that most of his fellows who have spent a year or more in study look forward to the doctor's degree as the crown of their earthly ambition. If he decides to become a candidate for the degree, he is practically compelled to devote the second and third years largely to courses in philology, and to "original research." He may if he pleases choose a literary subject for his thesis; but he finds his task much harder than that of the student who chooses a purely philological subject. The doctor's degree, that is, has generally been thought of as standing primarily for "scientific" work.

On the other hand our student finds that a number of most inviting literary courses are open to him—courses in drama, in composition, in comparative literature. These courses he believes will be stimulating, perhaps inspiring, at any rate invaluable to a teacher of literature. But no tag with magic letters on it awaits him at the end, and strong influences are brought to bear to keep him out of these literary courses and to herd him into the courses in philology.

The consequence is that some of the best and most thorough literary courses number scarcely four or five students, while perhaps thirty able-minded men may be found reading the Song of Roland at the rate of three or four lines a day and tracing the etymology of every word on strictly scientific principles. The literary courses are there, but they do not lie on the shortest road to material success. The "exceeding high mountain" from the summit of which "the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them" are visible, is there; but if any one is surprised that so few care to climb it, let him remember that in those regions no bread is to be had except by miracle, and that butter is not even hinted at. The saying "man shall not live by bread alone" thus proves susceptible of a new interpretation, suited to our prosperous "American ideals."

It is written that no man can serve two masters; and certainly the average student cannot in three years acquire a decent knowledge of even the most essential parts of English literature, and at the same time complete the work prescribed at Harvard for the doctor's degree. True, it is customary for the fledgling doctors, when their theses are finished, to spend a few weeks "cramming literature" from such convenient manuals as Stopford Brooke's little primer. But this second-hand knowledge is full of pitfalls. It did not save Dr. Sherman's acquaintances, for instance, from wondering what Dryden thought of Rousseau, or from telling their pupils that "Burke was an ardent advocate of the French Revolution."

The fact is that the work for the degree is regarded by many students as a necessary evil, which must be encountered in order to "get a start" in teaching. The degree has a certain market value, and is sought by many chiefly for this reason. A professor of English (Ph.D., Harvard) recently assured me that his work for the degree had been absolutely useless to him in teaching. Perhaps he overstated the case a little for the sake of picturesqueness. But if the degree administered at Harvard is to be regarded as a certificate of training for teachers, there is evidently something wrong with it. The difficulty may be partly remedied by the new degree in comparative literature. There is something wrong too, I cannot help thinking, with students who are willing to sacrifice preparation necessary for good work in their profession in order to "get a start." It is safe to say that even if Esau had never been tempted to sell his birthright, he would have been no great credit to the family.

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Colorado Springs, June 1.

NODDING HOMER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Col. Theodore A. Dodge in his critical history of Napoleon, speaking of the French army, said that it was not a parade army, but a fighting machine. Referring to the parade of the army of the Potomac and the Western armies at the close of the civil war, he adds:

Among all the troops the world has seen, it is doubtful whether one hundred thousand men could have been collected from any source equal for intelligence and all around soldierly qualities combined, to the one hundred thousand that might have been chosen from the men who passed before Abraham Lincoln on those two days' National Review.—Vol. II., p. 321.

Rhodes's History, Vol. V., p. 141, states that Mr. Lincoln died April 15, 1865, and that the review in question took place May 23-24, 1865, or about six weeks after Mr. Lincoln's decease. Is not this an illustration of the fact that occasionally Homer nods?

ISAAC L. MILLER.

Plainfield, N. J., June 18.

Notes.

The index for the current volume of the *Nation* will be printed with the issue of July 9.

On Saturday of this week Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish a volume of William H. Taft's speeches, under the title of "Present-Day Problems."

The next issue of the Cambridge English Classics (G. P. Putnam's Sons) will be the second volume of Samuel Butler's works, and will contain, besides miscellaneous reflections from his note books, the hitherto unprinted "Characters," from a manuscript in the British Museum.

A pamphlet, written by Prof. L. S. Rowe of the University of Pennsylvania, and published by the American Association for International Conciliation, announces a tentative plan for coöperation among the universities of North and South America. It is proposed to establish a foreign students' information bureau, and a scientific bureau, to serve as a centre of information, and means of communication among the workers in any particular field. The scheme has already received the endorsement of three of the leading South American institutions: the National University of La Plata, the National University of Chili, and the University of San Marcos, at Lima. The last-named is the oldest university in this hemisphere, having been founded in 1551, eighty-five years before Harvard.

The University of Oviedo, Spain, will celebrate its three hundredth anniversary September 20-30. One of the ceremonies will be the unveiling of the statue of the founder, Fernando Valdés y Salas, Archbishop of Seville. There will be excursions to celebrated places in the neighborhood, a pedagogical exhibition, lectures, and sessions of various societies.

The manuscripts of Edmondo de Amicis in the possession of his family have been given by his son, Ugo de Amicis, to the city of Turin.

The fourth Universal Congress on the Esperanto Language will meet at Dresden, August 16-22. The second triennial International Conference on the Blind will be held at Manchester, England, July 27 to August 1. It is proposed to hold an international congress on instruction in domestic economy and home industries, at Fribourg, Switzerland, September 29 and 30.

The Accademia dei Lincei has announced this year's award of the three royal prizes of $2,000 each. Prof. Angelo Batteli of Pisa is given the prize in physics for a long series of investigations of the action of liquids, osmatic pressure, and oscillatory discharges. To the author of "Anuali dell'Islam," Leone Caetani, Prince di Teano of Rome, is given the prize in history, while that in classic, Christian, or mediæval archæology is divided equally between G. T. Rivoira, the author of "Origine dell' architettura lombarda" (See the *Nation* of February 20, 1908, p. 180), and Prof. Adolfo Venturi of Rome, for his recently completed "Storia dell' Arte Italiana" (See the *Nation* of November 7, 1907, p. 429).

"Motor Days in England," by John M.

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Dillon (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a beautifully printed and illustrated account of a trip through the southwestern part of England—as far east as London and as far north as Leamington. Some of the pictures are half-tone reproductions of photographs. The more attractive illustrations, however, are from drawings by the author, who, through a lawyer, exhibits a feeling and skill that professional artists often fail to attain. Several of the sketches of buildings at Oxford are especially to be commended. There is a map of the route, a table of distances, and a whole chapter of practical suggestions. Otherwise the text is rather slight. Mr. Dillon has read widely and appreciatively; and the literary and historical associations are always uppermost in his mind. His remarks on these subjects, however, are rather obvious, his quotations familiar.

The third volume, "Jacobean to Victorian," completes "The Oxford Treasury of English Literature," compiled by G. E. and W. H. Hadow. To embrace the writers of three centuries within the covers of a single moderate volume means that only the leading names can find a place, and that the number of extracts from each must be very small. Even such a man as Southey must be left unrepresented, with the excuse that "his poetry is like Bayard's horse, which 'had every virtue and only one defect, namely, that it was dead.'" We think the case might be made a little better than that for the scribe of Greta Hall; "Thalaba" is not quite dead. But, in general, the brief critical remarks in the introductions are well-balanced despite their extreme brevity and occasional wit. If the sarcastic quality of Thackeray's prose is dwelt on to the exclusion of his sentiment and pathetic brooding on the insufficiency of life; and if no just discrimination is made between the childish and the sublime in Wordsworth—these are but the excesses we must expect in any critics who come to their subject with romantic prejudices. As a compensation they speak more fairly of Dryden and Pope than is commonly done in these days. In the selections they keep pretty well to the beaten path, as indeed they should in a work intended "for students who are beginning a general course of English Literature." The Clarendon Press has printed and bound the volumes in its usual attractive manner.

"Farm—Cottage, Camp, and Canoe in Maritime Canada," by Arthur P. Silver (London: George Routledge & Sons), would seem at first blush to be something of an advertising puff of the province of Nova Scotia, though, in view of that country's undoubted advantages both to the sportsman and the gentleman farmer, a legitimate one. The book, which is better printed than bound, is made up of a rather heterogeneous collection of papers on husbandry, angling, and hunting. The many illustrations are of varying excellence, but they serve to give the reader a good idea of the character of the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland. A number of minor mistakes might be noted, such as the statement that it is *sine qua non* that the horn with which the moose is lured by the "caller" shall be made of the bark of the *yellow* birch. The volume has no index. Mr. Silver, an excellent sportsman, unfortunately died before his book was finally revised.

"From Pekin to Sikkim" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), by Count de Lesdain, is the account of his unique wedding journey, the bride being nineteen, "undertaken to gratify our wish to cross country hitherto unknown, and, if possible, to increase the geographical knowledge of our day." With this object, they went from Peking to Mongolia, and thence through Tibet to India, being the first Europeans, he asserts, to cross the forbidden land from north to south. Almost inconceivable hardships were endured from the nature of the country traversed (largely deserts), from the inefficiency of their caravan people, and from the torrid heat and arctic cold, one of their camps being at the height of 19,300 feet. Though the monotony of the desert is felt in the narrative, which is largely taken up with trivial details, it gives a vivid picture of life and conditions in little known parts of the empire. The general impression left is discouraging, especially as respects evidence of the increase of the opium habit. Of Ning-hsia the capital of an ancient kingdom, he says: "Opium has largely killed this city, all of whose inhabitants indulge in this drug." On the other hand, the indications of great but undeveloped natural wealth, both agricultural and mineral, are numerous. Among the noteworthy incidents of the journey was the discovery of the jealously guarded tomb of Jenghis Khan. It consisted of two small tents, in one of which was a chest with handles containing the ashes of the body, "a fit emblem of the eternal migration of one who overran so many countries when alive, and even after his death has not found rest." Relatively little space is given to the crossing of Tibet, the chief impression left by the narrative being that "here we fell in with the worst enemy—the irresistible, clinging, ubiquitous, invidious enemy—mud!" The count seems to have made scientific observations throughout his journey, but there are few references to his purely geographic investigations, or their results. A map enables the reader to trace the route, and there are thirty-two reproductions of photographs, some of scenes of great beauty.

Between the Southern leaders, who believed slavery all good—a blessing and an interest to be protected and extended at all hazards—and the Northern leaders, who took just the opposite attitude, Douglas studiously searched for a middle course, so as to evade the question. As he himself confessed, he did not care whether slavery was voted up or voted down; and, as Lincoln said, he endeavored to prevent the voters from caring. He is the most conspicuous illustration of how a politician can be both powerful and successful and yet ignore the fact that there is a great moral sense among the people. It was because of this obliviousness to morality in politics that the late Carl Schurz used to call him "my pet aversion." James Ford Rhodes made an earnest but not altogether successful effort to give the "Little Giant" historical respectability. And evidently Prof. Allen Johnson, in his "Stephen A. Douglas: A Study in American Politics" (The Macmillan Co.), started with the hope of finding something like a hero; but as the author advanced, he fully mastered the subject and the period, and his sober judgment controlled. Without ceasing to be susceptible to Douglas's best qualities, he has not been able to reach favorable conclusions. He furnishes us the fullest and most vivid picture of Douglas's remarkable, almost terrible, powers as a debater. These powers were not in the strength of logic, but in skill as a sophist, as an artful juggler with words and phrases and the deceptive use of emphasis. With absolute self-control, thorough knowledge of all the main facts, and a very superior literary finish, Professor Johnson gradually lets us see that Douglas's greatness was as a politician who can win support and exert political influence for personal or party purposes, and that he was nearer being a great demagogue than a great statesman. And, on the whole, Professor Johnson has made good his sub-title, for he has produced "a study in American politics" that has all the life and realism of a moving picture in which Douglas is the most conspicuous figure.

The third edition of Scargill-Bird's "Guide to the Public Record Office, London," has been so far rearranged and rewritten as to constitute practically a new work. The former editions (1891, 1896) may, therefore, be regarded as antiquated and not worth buying even at second hand. The movement which has been going forward in the last decade, looking to a more scientific grouping of the records, is responsible for this result, and its good effects are manifest on almost every page of the present work. The most conspicuous change is the substitution for the former alphabetical arrangement of subjects of a grouping under the heads of the several courts or offices from which the records emanated, while the separation consequent thereon of records relating to a particular subject has been counteracted by means of a carefully prepared index. Though many paragraphs of the former editions remain untouched the changes are so complete as to leave scarcely a page unrevised, while the new material in preface, text, and appendices has added nearly sixty pages to the work. Students of American colonial history, familiar with the former arrangement of the state papers and departmental records, will need to study carefully the new system, particularly as far as it relates to the War Office, Colonial Office, and Home Office; for in these groups the reclassification is a thorough one. When lists and indexes of these collections, now in preparation, are printed, and when the guide in process of compilation, under the auspices of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, is issued, the material in the Record Office relating to our history can be easily determined beforehand by any one desiring to visit that repository.

When a book has been on our table for some time, and has been found serviceable in daily use, it is only common justice to recommend the work to others. In his "Guide bibliographique de la littérature française" Hugo P. Thieme (of the University of Michigan) has made a valuable reference book for the period from 1800 to 1906. In the first part the authors are arranged alphabetically. The dates and places of birth and death (if dead) of each author are given; then a list of his publications, with format, date, and publisher

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of first edition; and last, references to his work and critiques from some 270 journals. In a second part there is a bibliography by subjects. The work does not pretend to be complete, but the number of authors included is so great as to render it sufficient for any ordinary demands. (Published by H. Welter, Paris.)

The Crown Theological Library now includes a translation of Adolf Harnack's "Sprüche Jesu" ("The Sayings of Jesus," translated by J. R. Wilkinson; G. P. Putnam's Sons), which was noted in these columns on its appearance in 1906. It is not a popular treatise, or a discussion of the teachings of Christ, but a minute critical study of the discourses which are common to the first and third Gospels, but which are not found in Mark. These discourses are now held by many scholars to have been derived from an earlier document, which disappeared when it was embodied in the gospels we now have. This document is called Q, and its restoration furnishes the earliest authority on the life and teachings of Jesus. Professor Harnack endeavors to restore this document, by careful comparison of Matthew and Luke. He submits the text to thorough examination, and records his conclusions as to the grammar and style, as well as the historical and religious point of view, of this earliest Christian writing. The work is an important one for critical study of New Testament literature and the life of Christ.

Principal Alfred E. Garvie's "Studies in the Inner Life of Jesus" (A. C. Armstrong & Son) leaves somewhat the impression of a student's note-book. The preparation of the volume extended over many years, and a large number of articles and discourses have been embodied—all of which may account in part for the repetitions, the frequent recurrence to the same themes, and the frequent long quotations. The author has been engaged upon a vast and difficult subject, and he has recorded at length the views he has considered and his criticisms upon them, rather than brought into clear and consistent statement his judgment of the matter in hand. His purpose is to study the mind, heart, and will of Jesus, as portrayed in the Gospels. He does not share the feeling that it is unseemly to try to penetrate to the mystery of the inner life of Jesus, but complains that "an exaggerated importance is attached to a knowledge of contemporary custom and costume," and that "enough has been written about the scenery, the upholstery, and drapery of the life of Jesus." Dr. Garvie's conclusions are conservative.

The three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the University of Jena is to be celebrated on July 31 and August 1 by the dedication of the new university building.

"Schwänke aller Welt für Jung und Alt," by Oskar Dähnhardt (Leipzig: Teubner), is a rich collection of international popular humor, even Eastern Asia and Africa being represented. The work is illustrated by fifty-two characteristic drawings by Alvis Kolk.

"Die Schriften des neuen Testament," by Johannes Weiss, a condensed commentary for the general student along strictly modern lines, has proved so acceptable that the publishers, Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht, of Göttingen, announce a corresponding work entitled "Schriften des alten Testament," which is to include, however, for the present, only the leading books. Two volumes, one by Prof. Hermann Gunkel and a second by Prof. Bruno Baentsch are to appear early in 1909.

The Boersenverein der deutschen Buchhändler has just issued from Leipzig its report of the book publications of Germany for 1907. The total is 30,073, an increase of 4.77 per cent. over the preceding twelvemonth, when the number was 28,703. In 1901 the output was 25,331; in 1902, 26,906; in 1903, 27,606; in 1904, 28,373; in 1905, 28,886.

Governmental statistics for Prussia show that the number of high schools for girls under state and municipal control has in the last five years increased from 213 to 270; the number of pupils from 53,000 to 71,000. The number of male teachers in these schools is now 1,238, an increase of only 179 in these five years; while the number of women teachers is 1,920, an increase of 656. In addition to these public high schools for girls, Prussia reports 675 private schools of this character, with an attendance of 85,000.

The death is reported of the Rev. Joseph Woodfall Ebsworth at an advanced age. Mr. Ebsworth was a special student of ballad literature, contributing much on that subject to *Notes and Queries*, and publishing a number of books. Among his works may be noted "Karl's Legacy," "Westminster Drolleries," "Bagford Ballads," "Bagford Poems," "Three Centuries of Molash Annals: Burial Registers," "Roxburghe Ballads," "Sempill Ballads," and "Robin Hood Ballads."

From Copenhagen comes the news of the death of Prof. V. M. Fausböll in his eighty-eighth year. He was one of the pioneers in the study of Pali, the language in which the southern Buddhist scriptures are preserved, and as early as 1855 published his great work on the Jâtaka.

BIELSCHOWSKY'S LIFE OF GOETHE.

**The Life of Goethe.* By Albert Bielschowsky; authorized translation from the German, by William A. Cooper. Volume III.: 1815-1832, from the Congress of Vienna to the Poet's Death. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

It is doubtless inevitable that the biography of a great man who passed the middle of his eighty-third year should induce in the reader's mind a touch of lassitude. Especially is this true of a Goethe, who started out with such superabundance of dæmonic energy, of hopeful aggressiveness. When we read of the Frankfort days, of Leipzig, Strassburg, Wetzlar, of Weimar and its youthful duke, even of the Italian Journey and the Revolutionary period, we echo involuntarily Wordsworth's sentiment, "to be young was very heaven," itself an echo of "Hermann and Dorothea." But this story of a slow decline, a story in which impulse has given place to reflection, hope to memory and regret, is necessarily a story of shortening days and falling leaves, and all the other premonitions of a winter of discontent.

* Reviews of previous volumes were printed in the *Nation* of May 24, 1906, p. 430; and December 19, 1907, p. 569.

To this general inevitableness must be added the special fatality of Bielschowsky's premature death. Had our author lived to complete his work, the *pièce de résistance* at least of the present volume would have been by one hand, the chapter on "Faust" would have been composed in all probability in a tone to harmonize the young Goethe and the old, and make us realize to the full how that extraordinary poem is a lifelong diary and confession. As the case stands, we have twenty-five pages by Bielschowsky and eighty-seven by Theobald Ziegler. With the work of the Strassburg professor in itself we have no quarrel; as an independent essay upon the Faust poem it is scholarly, sober, helpful, and in the main sympathetic. Still, it is not quite in the tone of Bielschowsky, nor does it bring out to the full the parallelism between the poem and the life of the poet.

Of the poem it is scarcely our province to speak; "Faust," like the Iliad, the Odyssey, and the "Divina Commedia," is a literature by itself. We must content ourselves with submitting a few suggestions. Too much stress is laid upon the fact that the poem is not an artistic unit. Did Goethe ever intend it to be such? Does not Ziegler go too far in the judgment, p. 356:

> Whoever considers the style of the First Part beautiful cannot be pleased with the pompous, often intricate [involved?] style of the Second Part. And one who likes the latter cannot possibly have a right appreciation of the strength and simple beauty, the matchless sturdiness and purely human tenderness, of the former.

One "Faust" interpreter, assuredly, who knew his "Faust" as few have known it—we mean Bayard Taylor—enjoyed and appreciated to the full every word in both parts. We fail to see wherein lies the insuperable difficulty of enjoying both parts; not, of course, every situation and line, but the two parts as complements to each other. For they are reflexes of the younger and the elder Goethe. Another feature of the "Faust" is grievously overlooked. The poem, apart from the Gretchen story, is a *satire:* in the First Part a fairly direct satire, in the Second a cleverly veiled satire. If we have only the courage to cut out the Gretchen-story, placing it by itself as "probably the greatest masterpiece of poetry ever written," p. 288, *only not an integral part of the real Faust-story*, we shall find it quite possible to enjoy the rest of the First Part and all the Second Part as an unequalled satire of life from the point of view of the philosopher. Being thus a satire, the poem is exempt from the artistic rules or principles which govern the usual drama or epic. Hence the frequent neglect of "motivation" and method. Evidently the poet felt that he was not under obligation to make his situations and the actions of his characters more than superficially plausible; he merely asks us to accept his utterances for their general availability. In treating the character of Mephistopheles, Ziegler regards Merck, the friend of Goethe's youth, as having sat for the original. This is the customary interpretation, and up to a certain point is not to be rejected. It is a question, however, whether the interpretation does not do Merck overmuch honor. Merck had talent, but was not a genius of high order; he was far from possessing

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the boldness and unerring instinct which mark the spirit of eternal negation. It was a favorite idea of Bayard Taylor, though not expressed in the notes to his translation, that Goethe got the most characteristic traits of Mephistopheles from his teacher Herder. The idea is well worth careful investigation. Certainly Herder had the genius which was lacking in Merck.

The present volume offers at least one chapter, by Bielschowsky, which presents Goethe both in youth and in age; it is the chapter on Goethe's lyric poetry. Here we range from the days of Friederike and Lili to the "Rising Full Moon" of Dornburg, 1828; we wander with the comfortable assurance that it is all one and the same Goethe, the poet with the all-seeing eye, with the word and the tone for every passing mood. For one who knows his Goethe thoroughly from this side, there is pure delight in renewing one's old friendships and studying them more deeply and connectedly under the guidance of systematic criticism. The chapter has been to us the most stimulating in the entire biography.

Not so with the chapter on the "Wander Years." Despite Bielschowsky's enlightened erudition, our attitude remains that of Mephistopheles toward the song of the sirens. The chapter tickles the ear, but reaches not the heart. The "Prentice Years" are at least a story, or the semblance of a story; the characters come and go somewhat as they come and go in life, and they do something. But the sequel is hopelessly amorphous; nothing is done, yet there is much talk of this and that. The incidents, or scenes, or groups, or episodes are—in homely parlance—pitchforked together. In comparison, the most disjointed scenes of "Faust" are models of Aristotelian rigor. We ask our readers to note what is said of Eckermann's manipulation, p. 193. If it be true, p. 195, that "the two great fundamental ideas . . . are work and resignation," we fear that the reader must bring to his task almost as much work and quite as much resignation as the poet brought to his.

No such trouble attends the reading of the chapter entitled "The Naturalist," by Salomon Kalischer. In the sober tone which befits a man of science, the Berlin professor expounds one by one the chief features in Goethe's marvellous scientific activity. From this lucid and temperate presentation of facts the least scientific reader will gain an insight into Goethe's aims and method. Even the poet's much-denounced doctrine of colors is revealed in its truth, not as the physics of color, but as the now accepted physiology of colors. The entire chapter, in substance and in form, is a valuable contribution to what may be called, for want of a happier term, popular science in the best sense.

In conclusion, we note a serious defect in Bielschowsky's plan; there has been no provision for a separate chapter upon Goethe as critic. This defect is on a par with the neglect of "Dichtung und Wahrheit," mentioned in our review of the second volume. In sober truth we are unable to understand how a biographer of Bielschowsky's temperament, or indeed any biographer worthy the title, should fail to recognize adequately Goethe's preëminence in criticism. For of all critics, modern critics certainly, Goethe seems to us the most enlightening and stimulating, more helpful to the general student than even Lessing. His entire life, indeed, was a philosophical criticism of himself and others. Yet his utterances are so scattered, so characteristically matters of *Gelegenheit*, that the reader feels helpless without the guidance of a patient investigator who shall collect and properly co-ordinate them. Here forsooth is a promising field for many a "dissertation"!

Of the translator we have only to say, in parting, that he maintains his high level of excellence. We congratulate him most sincerely on having persevered to the end. There are things which, well done, are their own reward.

CURRENT FICTION.

Vera the Medium. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Davis is always easy to read. With his neat, tailor-made style, his aplomb, his skill at presenting a few types, he need never he at a loss for an audience. That he goes deep cannot be said. The promise which the Van Bibber stories held years ago, has never been fulfilled. He has not gone ahead; he still writes for the undergraduate, and still no doubt pleases him. "Vera the Medium" well illustrates his knack. The material is not of a durable kind, but it is well-tailored; it puts up a good Fifth Avenue front, and is perfectly at home on Broadway. In short, it is literature according to the *boulevardier* of the island of Manhattan, and may be hailed good-naturedly as such.

The Van Bibber in the case is a district attorney, and the damsel he is fated to rescue is one of those shady parasites upon the public folly whom it is a part of his duty to keep within bounds. She is involved in a plot to divert the millions of a dying man from their rightful heir, or rather owner. She knows what she is doing, and the better part of her nature, which is in love with the district attorney, revolts from it. But mediumship has been her inherited profession, and considerations of loyalty to certain persons who have befriended her intervene. She commits herself deliberately to trickery of the dying man, but in the moment of success repudiates it, reveals the fact and nature of the fraud, and is whisked away from the vengeance of friends and enemies by the district attorney, to be good and happy with him forever after. The tale cannot be supposed to throw much light upon the nature of district attorneys, and as a study of the character of the typical young girl "medium" certainly adds nothing to the earlier portraitures of Mr. Howells and others. It has, however, the facility and the engaging boyishness which are what one looks for in this quarter.

Exton Manor. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

In the preface to the American edition of his novel Mr. Marshall writes; "Every other English reviewer who has written about 'Exton Manor' has mentioned the name of Anthony Trollope." We need not, therefore, by a similar allusion, rouse in the author's mind the philosophic sense of "having heard it before," but may safely leave the American reader to the guidance of "every other English reviewer." Mr. Marshall makes frank declaration of allegiance to that body of English novelists "who introduced you to a large number of people, and left you with the feeling that you knew them all intimately"; adding "That particular note of intimacy seems to be lacking in the fiction of the present day, and I should like to have it back." And so would thousands. A story of village tempests in a village teapot, where the tea is not "strong," will be found agreeable and recuperative. That the village is Beaulieu in the New Forest will make instant appeal to many American readers, as they elicit their glimpses of forest, abbey, and moor.

The facts that the vicar is "High," and that there is a deceased wife's sister among the tenants of the Manor, are the two bones of contention. The conflict pleasantly rages on and on and on, and the reader likes to have it. He regrets the arrival of the 483d page, and that, too, without falling deeply in love with any one of the characters, without discovering a vast treasure house of humor, possibly without feeling acutely on the two causes of war. The humor lies chiefly with two nice, queer old characters, Browne and Turner, who have a squabbling liking for one another and a loyal love and hatred for their common friends and foes. The attraction of the book is rather like the attraction of looking from a window at the passers-by or at the opposite house. Seen through a frame and from a good front seat, even plain commonplace becomes drama. Not a little of the blessing and benefit of "Exton Manor" comes from the prevalent other novel, whether it be the romance of machinery, economics, millinery, or problem.

Ashes. By Grazia Deledda; translated by Helen Hester Colvill. New York: John Lane Co.

Sardinia is the scene of "Ashes" (Cenere), the latest of Grazia Deledda's novels to be translated into English; and in it she paints the beauties and desolations of that island, and the characteristics of its primitive people with her usual vivid touch. It is in these things rather than in the conduct of her narrative that Grazia Deledda's power lies, and most readers will feel that the story wanders through its fascinating setting too slowly, with too many dreamy pauses and backward looks.

We start life with the hero at his birth, and in spite of the disproportionate minuteness with which certain stages of his development are traced, he holds our interest and sympathy throughout the story. Of peasant origin, and a foundling, he grows up ardent, ambitious, and idealistic, the two great aims of his life being to win a position which shall enable him to marry his patron's daughter, and to find and reclaim the mother who had deserted him in his childhood. The conflict of these aims makes up the drama of "Ashes." The interest of the love-story is decidedly subordinate to that of Anania's relation to his mother, both before and after their tragic meeting in the mountain hut. This meeting is the great scene of the story—a scene of much dramatic power and truth, with touches of high imagination. The characters immediately surrounding Anania are, with the ex-

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ception of the girl he loves, well-drawn and vital, but there is an outer circle of shadowy peasants whose talk is so lacking in the pith and humor of Hardy's rustics and of our own rural types that we can but feel it as a tiresome interruption.

The translation, by Helen Hester Colvill, is a somewhat uneven piece of work, at its best so good that one wonders to find the sense of the original a little blurred in certain passages. It is, as a whole, a readable and adequate rendering of "Cenere."

The Simple Case of Susan. By Jacques Futrelle. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

True love cannot run smooth to-day without an automobile—still less can mistaken identity and elopement. Farces no longer rattle. They speed and skid. In the complicated case of the simple case of Susan there was a deal of both speeding and skidding. Too much must not be asked of farce in the way of reasonableness, but one may ask a little more than M. Futrelle has here supplied us withal, or else a little less—in other words, none. We accept his dashing West Point lieutenant as a necessary part of the joke, but we are pained at his having an aristocratic Virginian pedigree and a real military status; and we make positive moan when he snubs his general on a point of etiquette. We like him silly, but we want him neither absurd nor real. For the most part the story bubbles frothily along, evoking an occasional smile—a trifle much, much lighter than air.

R. J.'s Mother and Some Other People. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Bros.

The distinctive merit of Mrs. Deland's "Old Chester Tales" no doubt tempts one to be over-exacting with regard to her other stories. We miss in these scenes and persons the quaintness and ripeness of Old Chester, its Doctor Lavendars, and its Willy Kings. The present bits of fiction are evidently quite "magazinable"—have, indeed, been "magazined." The pathos and sentiment of "R. J.'s Mother" are just what the special public, the thirty-five-cent public even, obviously wants. The tear they bring to the easy eye is not, one reflects, a tear to be proud of. The fact of artifice is too readily apparent, the means employed too patent. R. J., for example, is bell-boy in a New York hotel, to which comes presently a man of middle age, whose eyes are threatened. Many years before he has lost his wife and young son, and in fancy the child has lived and grown up with him. R. J. is a friendly cub, and turns out to be just the age of the dream-boy, to a day. Hence a gradual growth of interest on the man's part, and a final determination to give the boy some schooling. The boy, however, represents a single slip on the part of his mother, a poor but virtuous actress; and she has sworn, for the sake of the boy's faith in her, to owe nothing further to any man. So the mild benefactor offers her marriage, that he may have unquestionable right to care for the boy; and for the boy's sake she accepts. Then the boy dies—is killed off, one may fairly say—and the matrimonial bargain, though the man chivalrously offers to clinch it, is dissolved. Follows a return to his provincial home, and the speedy discovery that he and R. J.'s mother really need each other. Present from the outset, whether in foreground or background, has been a sister-in-law of his, who rather unpalatably illustrates Mrs. Deland's occasional tendency to caricature, and who is no doubt largely responsible for one's impression of the story as a thing made, not born. The other tales are, with the exception of "The White Feather," in a similar vein. They leave one, as we have intimated, a little homesick for Old Chester.

Purple and Homespun. By Samuel M. Gardenhire. New York: Harper & Bros.

Purple is the Lady Victoria, not only "a rose among women," but "the daughter of a hundred earls"; homespun is he, the man of her choice, a plain United States Senator, of distinguished manners, but inferior, even ignoble, birth. Lord Francis Wemyss is the harmless, if useless, British ambassador at Washington. He is "the last of the direct line," but it is proposed to provide suitably for the succession by marrying his daughter Victoria to a half-nephew, heir of the title. This gentleman is precisely the combination of fool and knave which American tradition of the English army officer requires. He has betrayed and deserted a middle-class girl in youth: and when his cousin agrees to marry him he remarks: "I say, Vic, this is too good of you, old girl!"—facts which sufficiently place him. The only unaccountable things about him are his name, Algeron, as it is consistently spelled, and the fact that he marries not Vic old girl, but the partner of his youthful indiscretion.

But it is not to be supposed that the action is all upon the plane of British melodrama. Most of it takes place in America, and the feeling is intended to be American. The marriage of Lady Victoria to the Senator of poor and not very honest extraction is a triumph of democracy. The opening chapter is an object-lesson as to the perquisites of the popularly governed. It recounts a familiar interview between the Senator and the President, in which that ruler (whose identity is hardly veiled) displays the paternal and jocular interest in the private affairs of his subject which has so endeared him to the nation. He congratulates Senator Treemon on his recent reëlection:

"You know the State," said Marshall Treemon. Irrespective of the population outside, there's my chief city, which has a system of politics all its own. My metropolis is full of——"

The President lifted his hand with a quick laugh.

"We won't say what your metropolis is full of," he replied. Sufficient is the fact that you won the State, and won it fairly Now that we have it, let's keep it."

"Let's keep the whole country," said Treemon, looking up."

"Good!" ejaculated the President. "I intend to keep it."

Thereupon the Senator is rallied upon his attentions to the ambassador's daughter, who has just fled back to England to escape his snares. It must be said that this interview as a whole is sufficiently interesting to prepare the mind for more of a story than actually follows. On the whole, the affair is labored and inconclusive. There is a lot of business about a group of Socialists in New York and their affairs. The Senator goes among them, and greatly to his astonishment learns that Socialism is not nihilism, etc. One of their leaders is the once poor girl whom Algeron has betrayed, but who presently comes to a glory beyond that of Socialism. The most interesting person in the book is an Irish Maggie of the Mark Tapley type, who does not seem to deserve the horrid experience thrust upon her.

Federal Usurpation. By Franklin Pierce. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

Whatever one may think of Mr. Pierce's methods or conclusions, it cannot be denied that his vigorous plea for State rights, cast as it mainly is in the form of a stinging arraignment of President Roosevelt and his policy, is worthy of thoughtful consideration. Neither the facts nor the tendencies which they show are, of course, new, although no recent writer has so carefully collected them. Ever since the years of the civil war, when arms imposed silence upon more than one law, and of Reconstruction, when Republican leaders rode roughshod over constitutions and rules of justice, Mr Pierce notes a steady and ominous progress in centralization and in Federal encroachment upon the reserved powers of the States, culminating in the well-known course of the present Chief Magistrate. The outspoken criticism of Federal judges; the proposal of Representative De Armond that the President be empowered to remove Federal judges at his discretion; the declaration of President Roosevelt, in his Harrisburg speech, that the powers of the Federal government should be increased "through executive action, through legislation, and through judicial interpretation and construction of law"; the payment of pensions on executive order; the unauthorized collection of customs duties in San Domingo; the virtual seizure of territory and rights of control in Panama, and the Brownsville affair, are only the more striking illustrations of what Mr. Pierce believes to be a deliberate purpose to enforce the will, or even the whim, of the Executive without regard to constitutional restraint.

The same baneful purpose is shown in other departments of the government. The protective tariff, foundation and stay of a rank paternalism; the multiform activities of the Department of Agriculture, most of which Mr. Pierce finds lacking in constitutional warrant; the arbitrary power of the Speaker, joined to an ironclad committee system and a ruthless suppression of debate in the House; and the easy passage of unconstitutional appropriations, like those for irrigation work within State lines, illustrate the absolutist tendency of recent Federal legislation. The Supreme Court, having sustained a greenback currency and rendered a Federal income tax impossible, holds, in the Mankichi case, that indictment by a grand jury and conviction by a unanimous verdict in a murder case are not fundamental rights of the citizen in Hawaii.

The essential facts on which Mr. Pierce's elaborate arraignment is based cannot, of course, be gainsaid. When, however, we turn to the remedies which Mr. Pierce offers for existing ills, and which, in the long run, must be the justification of his sweeping indictment, we confess to a feeling of disappointment. We agree with him that the Constitution has been, in some respects, outgrown, and ought to be amended, but we

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also agree with him in believing that nothing short of a political or social crisis, comparable in gravity to that which resulted from the civil war, will be likely to bring such changes about. Mr. Pierce is too good a lawyer not to know that a written constitution develops by usage as well as by judicial construction, and that the tendency under our system has been from the beginning to hold that what is not forbidden by the Constitution is permissible; but he gives scanty weight to these considerations in his arguments. To say that we have not parliamentary government in the United States is to say only what every tyro in political science or constitutional history knows; but to say that we ought to have it is obviously to plead for reform, not by process of amendment, but by way of constitutional revolution. We concede the desirability, on many grounds, of popular election of United States Senators, merely noting that the change is, in practice, rapidly coming about without formal amendment; while the extension of the referendum, the control of monopolies through taxation, and the reduction of the volume of private and special legislation, are cordially to be approved. On the other hand, the lengthening of the Presidential term to seven years, without reëligibility, is one of those counsels of perfection regarding which some generations of discussion have failed to bring about the faintest trace of agreement even among reformers themselves.

The fact is, we have always, as a nation, been far more concerned with the substance of government than with its form; and while, from the standpoint of the lawyer and the philosopher, this is admittedly a weakness, competent observers have more than once pointed out that the evil consequences of our inconsistency are less than might naturally be expected. The difficulty, as Mr. Pierce more than once intimates, is that the great majority of us are so absorbed in getting a living or accumulating wealth, that we do not pay much heed to government or administration unless they oppress or grievously neglect us. But the great popularity of President Roosevelt, which Mr. Pierce apparently deplores, is not due to the fact that he is "dazzling the nation with visions of empire," but to the widespread conviction that he has seriously, and with much success, tried to cope with great social evils. That, in the great fight which he has made, he has paid little heed to his constitutional limitations, needs no volume of four hundred vigorously written pages to show; but to hold that he is making shipwreck of the Constitution, reducing the States to geographical expressions, and turning the republic into an autocracy, sounds to us less like a searching constitutional criticism than like a wail of despair.

Prehistoric Japan, by Neil Gordon Munro, 421 illustrations. Tokyo: The Z. P. Maruya Co.

To the already somewhat extensive list of books on the archæology of Japan Dr. Munro, resident of the Far East, and an anthropologist of some note, contributes an interesting addition in "Prehistoric Japan." The book is far more comprehensive than its title implies, as it deals not only with the men of the stone age, but with the Yemishi, the Yamato, and other races inhabiting Japan down to the close of the age of the dolmen builders, at the beginning of the historic period, about 700 A. D. The work is divided into two parts. The first seven chapters—Part I.—are occupied principally with the inhabitants of the Stone Age. After treating briefly of Palæolithic and Neolithic conditions in Japan, the author goes into a full description, accompanied by linguistic proofs, and excellent illustrations from drawings and photographs, of the pit dwellers and their customs, including an account of implements, utensils, ceramic and other arts, dress, and social relations. The six chapters of Part II. are devoted almost wholly to the Yamato race, which is supposed to have exterminated or absorbed the original inhabitants, with the exception of the Ainu remnant still clinging in Yeso and the northern islands.

This work is of special value, for its bearing upon three questions that have long attracted anthropologists.

The first is as to the indentity of the race occupying the Japanese archipelago in the Stone Age. Japanese scholars have been inclined to assume that these people were descendants of some Eskimo race, because the drawings on the fragments of pottery found in their pit dwellings show large round eyes and no beards. This view Dr. Munro opposes and he agrees with those who identify the men of the Stone Age with the ancestors of the modern Ainu. To him the occurrence of crude pottery and iron in the ancient cave and pit dwellings of Japan and the neighboring islands, is the clearest proof that these places were the abodes of the Ainu ancestors. Thus he contends (against Prof. Tsuboi) that the Ainu were makers of pottery, for he maintains that he has found several undoubted specimens of their work in the cave dwellings of Saghalien and the Kurile islands. The inference of Eskimo origin drawn from the beardless drawings above mentioned, he regards as unwarranted; for though the Ainu are admittedly a hirsute race, they were known to shave in times of mourning; and the large round eyes of the figures, might, he thinks, be interpreted to represent the seer of the tribe.

On the second question, whether it was these aboriginal Ainu tribes, or the Yemishi of native Japanese ethnology, who opposed the advance of the invading Yamato, Dr. Munro does not appear quite so clear. But he is satisfied that various colonies from the southern islands of Japan, including even the Philippine group, may have settled from time to time in Japan; and that these united with the aboriginal inhabitants in resisting the intruders from the Asiatic mainland.

Thirdly, since much more is known about the Yamato than about the older races Dr. Munro treats this subject with a greater lucidity and assurance. The Yamato are regarded as the ancestors of the modern Japanese, to whom the subject is at present of special interest in view of the fact that since the growth of Occidental discrimination against them on racial grounds, they are disposed to seek an Aryan rather than a Mongolian ancestry. Dr. Munro sides with those who believe the Yamato race to have come from the Chinese mainland by way of Korea. The immigration began probably about 500 B. C., and continued down to the dawn of Japanese history, say 700-800 A. D. The Negrito, Malayan, or other tribes, that may have founded colonies on the islands, probably at first offered a feeble resistance, but were in time either exterminated or absorbed by the invincible race of Yamato. The conquest was more likely to have been by slow process of amalgamation than by force of arms, and the fertile generations continued to receive an increment of culture and civilization from the Chinese mainland all through the long period of increasing occupation. There is here, of course, a wide divergence from the views of those who are inclined to regard the race of Yamato as largely Malayan or Indonese. But some of the greater difficulties of the subject do not seem to be wholly elucidated by Dr. Munro. It is well known, for example, that the Yamato were great dolmen builders; many specimens of their work are to be seen throughout Japan. If the Yamato came from China, how is it that none of their dolmens are to be found there? To come upon anything at all corresponding, we must travel as far west as the Caspian, and the adjoining region. Korea contains some traces of dolmen building, but not of a kind identical with that in Japan. In the Japanese dolmens are found iron, bronze, and pottery that show an advanced stage of civilization. Moreover, it appears that the Yamato were in the country a considerable period before they began to build dolmens; during that time they erected only simple mounds for the reception of their dead.

Dr. Munro concludes that the present Japanese are a much-mixed race, the predominating elements being the Negrito, Mongolian, Palasiatic, and Caucasian; and that the amalgamation took place both before and after the invasion, and up to the time when the Yamato became supreme in the islands of Nippon.

Big Game at Sea. By Charles Frederick Holder. Illustrated. New York: The Outing Publishing Co. $2 net.

Favorite Fish and Fishing. By James A. Henshall. New York: The Outing Publishing Co. $1.25 net.

To look at the photograph of Mr. Holder, for instance, opposite page seventy, one might easily imagine him by habit and preference an in-door professional man to whom the yellowtail just brought to gaff is a new experience. Readers of angling literature have long ago learned to know him, however, as one of the boldest adventurers who ever handled rod or harpoon, ready in the interests of either science or sport to tackle almost any creature that swims the seas, and always insistent upon the highest ideals of sportsmanship. It would take a new and liberal definition of angling to include many of the exploits described in this volume. The initial chapter introduces us to the sea-bat, or devil-fish, a specimen of which Mr. Holder harpooned from a small boat on the Florida reef and clung to successfully through a long and sometimes perilous chase until the monster finally undid itself by running high upon a mud flat. We quote a sentence or two describing the effect when the sea-bat felt the harpoon:

It appeared to fly into the air, rising,

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an appalling mass of flesh, out of the seething waters, its side wings beating the heated air as it rose, then falling with a crash and the reverberating sound we had listened to the night before; fell as a square twelve feet by ten feet and weighing a possible ton might fall.

One could hardly imagine Izaak Walton as the protagonist in this exploit, and still less in that of the next chapter, where Mr. Holder actually dives to the bottom on the edge of the outer reef, and attempts with his bare hands the capture of a big green turtle. After a few moments' desperate struggle, during which Mr. Holder rose to the surface often enough to get at least the minimum allowance of oxygen, the turtle worked over the edge of the reef and dove into the deep cold water, when Mr. Holder was of course obliged to loosen his grip. "It's jest like I told you, sah," said the negro boatman as he came to the surface. "If you kin stay down yander twenty minutes you kin do it." Surely Mr. Holder deserves the title of the Rough Rider of sea angling.

Of course these are the extremes, and Mr. Holder has no ambition to raise sea-bat spearing or submarine turtle wrestling to the rank of a recognized branch of sportsmanship with an organized club, prizes, officially attested records, and printed rules and regulations. After all, his main interest lies in what sea anglers at least recognize as legitimate game fishes, such as the tuna, the tarpon, the sea bass, the barracuda, and the yellowtail. For what he has done to establish and maintain a decent standard of ethics in the capture of these fishes he deserves credit second to that of no other American sportsman who has labored to relieve the joy of the rod from the reproach which the brutal and the thoughtless bring upon it. In our review of one of his former books words were used which he misinterpreted as an indictment of the good faith of his statements in matters of ascertainable fact. Nothing of the kind was intended. When Mr. Holder tells the weight of a fish actually brought to his own scales, or those of any of the reputable clubs with which he is connected, when he gives the weight of a rod, the fineness of a line, or the time spent between strike and gaff in any given capture, the matter is settled for any reader who knows anything of Mr. Holder. A good part of any angler's writing is not, however, the record of physical measurements, but the impression of stirring scenes and struggles upon an imagination which, if not somewhat excitable, would be seeking its pleasure in other fields. Hence the reader is entitled to his own opinion as to whether the language is within or beyond the range of possible occurrence. Let us quote a few words from a description of a battle between two swordfishes:

They turned about each other possibly three or four times, then like battering rams came together with a strange whistling sound and an impact that tossed the white churned spume high in air, came together as only bodies weighing two or three hundred pounds can, when impelled by animate vibrant engines of unknown power; came together and remained there, whirling, tossing, tail in air, rolling over and over, twisting, writhing, bending like blades of steel, waving, fanning the spray-filled air until the myriad-hued ocean whose every move caught the splendid tints of the cliffs, looked like the centre of some strange volcanic disturbance, in which flashed the fins and dim form of Turner's masterpiece—the Slave Ship.

This would hardly stand the laboratory tests of a scientific age, but, none the less, we wish long life to Mr. Holder's pen.

Dr. Henshall's writing has the same flavor as of old, the ineradicable preference for the black bass, the unwillingness to admit that the large-mouthed variety is inferior to the small, and the same delightfully old fashioned habit of introducing occasionally the Prioress of Sopwell, with her "Treatyse of Fysshinge with an Angle." The bass, the grayling, and the trout fill the bulk of his volume, but he yields to the more strenuous coterie so far as to give fifty pages to the tarpon and other big game fishes of our southeastern coast. He has found some sport in tarpon fishing, but with the little fellows of from ten to forty pounds, taken with the salmon rod and gaudy flies, and hence hooked in the mouth, not in the throat. He is not exactly convinced that methods which aim to hook a fish in the gullet, although surer to result in capture, are ethically commendable. He admits the fascinating excitement of capturing these monsters of the deep, but the Waltons and Cottons and Bethunes, he thinks, "would view with wonder and silent sorrow the tendency of many anglers of the present day towards strenuosity, abandoning the verdure-clad stream, with its warbling birds and fragrant blossoms, for the hissing steam launch and vile smelling motor-boat in pursuit of leaping tuna and silver king." And we are inclined to agree with him.

English Local Government from the Revolution to the Municipal Corporations Act: The Manor and the Borough. By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. Vols. II., III., pp. viii., vi., 858. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $7 net.

The first volume of Sidney and Beatrice Webb's "English Local Government" (reviewed in the *Nation* of February 7, 1907, p. 135) sketched the government of rural England through the parish vestries and the benches of justices. In these two volumes, the second instalment of this great work, Mr. and Mrs. Webb carry their research into the organization of the manor and the borough, as these existed from the Revolution of 1689 until the first great reform of English local government in 1835. One of the first acts of the Parliament, which was elected after the reform of the House of Commons in 1832, was to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the government of the incorporated cities and boroughs in England and Wales. Though the report of this commission has long been familiar to students and historians, a popular and accessible account of it has hitherto been greatly needed. No part of Mr. and Mrs. Webb's volumes affords more interesting or instructive reading than the chapters devoted to this subject. Mr. and Mrs. Webb compute the number of boroughs, in 1833, at either 199 or 205, according to the view taken of the status of six doubtful cases. Of these boroughs, 160 in England and 18 in Wales were reformed by the Municipal Corporations Act of 1835, and were given the excellent form of local government which has so greatly contributed to the wholesome and enterprising character of municipal life in England.

The special merit of the section of Mr. and Mrs. Webb's book which is devoted to the manor is that it brings out the kinship of the early English town to the feudal manor, and the fine gradations which existed up to 1835 between the manor which had a wholly rural population and the borough which, by purchase or gift, had become possessed of manorial rights, and probably also of the actual landed property to which these rights had attached. Mr. and Mrs. Webb also bring out the continuity of English life, and show how closely English people are touched, even in the twentieth century, by the old feudal bonds and customs which formed the manor organization; and how recently many large towns have purchased their freedom from the ancient lord of the manor. Lancashire presents a number of such instances among its industrial townships. Oldham, Bolton, Heywood, and Rochdale, all grimy and prosperous cotton towns within twelve miles of Manchester, freed themselves between 1878 and 1893 from the Manor Court of Salford; and in Salford itself, with its 250,000 inhabitants, "the ancient court of the Wapentake, or Hundred, of Salford survives to this day." The early organization of the manor was adapted to a community occupied in the tilling of the lord's land and of the common lands of the villeins. As soon as any industry caused an aggregation of population, some further organization was necessary. Hence grew up the manorial borough, where the lord still retained his supremacy, and dispensed justice in his own courts; but where the inhabitants obtained from him various rights of self-government. From this beginning sprang the English municipal corporation.

The great variety in borough government previous to 1835 is well brought out by Mr. and Mrs. Webb. Many boroughs were governed by close corporations—small and self-elected cliques, who did not admit their fellow-townsmen to any share of responsibility. In others there was a much greater popular element. In all, however, the right to elect members to Parliament had by 1689 already become of paramount importance, and this right led to an increasing interference by outsiders, who sought to control borough representation. Mr. and Mrs. Webb do not, with some of the nineteenth century reformers, think that the connection of the boroughs with Parliamentary elections was the sole root of the inefficiency and rottenness in municipal government which was ended by the act of 1835; nor do they look upon the corporations as so wholly bad and ineffective as it has long been the fashion to regard them. The close bodies especially, as distinguished from those corporations in which the general body of the freemen were represented, find apologists in Mr. and Mrs. Webb:

We watch close bodies pursuing a policy of improvement of the commons, which, at the cost of individual freemen's rights, would augment the value of the corporate estate; we see them willing to develop the accommodation and usefulness of the market; we see them taking long views of the requirements of the port; and, against the interests of individual freemen, and even of the present generation, administering in the larger interests of an undying corporation. No candid student can doubt that, as between the

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close corporation, on the one hand, and what we have called the municipal democracies, on the other, it was especially in the management of their corporate property that the close bodies have the advantage.

Besides the local authorities already described (the justices and vestries of county and parish, the manor courts, and the borough corporations), there were, between 1689 and 1835 numerous statutory *ad hoc* authorities—boards of commissioners to manage the relief of the poor; to cleanse, pave, and light the towns; to erect markets, or provide docks; to maintain roads, or embank rivers. These statutory authorities are still to be described in forthcoming volumes. The undertaking, when completed on the scale and with the thoroughness of the three volumes already published, will form one of the great historical works of the present century.

The Standard of Usage in English. By Thomas R. Lounsbury. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50 net.

It is hard to conceive what audience Professor Lounsbury's volume of essays in popular philology will benefit. Affected purists, such as some teachers in old-fashioned seminaries for young ladies, might profit from Professor Lounsbury's vigorous statement of the futility of artificial standards and from his examples, gathered partly from early volumes of the Oxford Dictionary and partly from his own research; but they would probably be so offended by his chronic irritation and by his gratuitous sarcasms that they would not finish his book. The average magazine reader—the chapters first appeared, abridged, in *Harper's*—who was pleased by the linguistic tolerance of the essays, would probably be misled.

The attitude of the book is mainly negative, an exposure of false standards, to such an extent that one's final question is: Well, is there any use of standards in English? Professor Lounsbury believes that such destructive criticism is that most needed. "It is not from the quarter of license that any danger to our speech arises. If peril exist at all, it comes from the ignorant formalism and affected precision which wage perpetual war with the ancient idioms of our tongue. . . . Amateur champions of propriety" are "ensconced at every fireside. In colleges and academies and high schools they constitute an army of assumed experts, who are regularly engaged in holding in check any attempt to indulge in real or supposed lawlessness." Few careful readers who have to use contemporary books of reference, such a scholarly work, *e. g.*, as the "Cambridge Modern History" or scientific books, popular or technical, or who notice the ingrained inaccuracy of much newspaper and periodical writing, will agree that the danger from purism even begins to compare with that from license. Careful readers or writers probably agree that many useful distinctions in vocabulary and grammar are being lost and that the fine accuracy of the language as a tool of expression is consequently becoming dulled by such general indifference. It is, therefore, helpful that, as Professor Lounsbury admits, "men should hold and express opinions about the propriety of usages already existing or coming in, and do all that in them lies to bring about the rejection of what they deem undesirable." It is only harmful to treat such efforts, though often mistaken, in an attitude, like Professor Lounsbury's, of almost indiscriminate ridicule.

One is inclined to believe that this attitude results from a fundamental wrongness of principle. Professor Lounsbury accepts as the sole standard of usage the practice of "the best speakers and writers." In applying his standard he includes all the "great writers"; for "it is idle to suppose that a man who has attained the highest eminence in literature will not, in the vast majority of instances, have been particular as to the proper treatment of the material with which he has been dealing." Now there is every probability that the "great writer" has been particular as to the treatment proper for the effect he chiefly desires—the larger literary effectiveness; but he may have been indifferent or insensitive to minor niceties. The splendid eloquence of Ruskin did not save him from much small inexactness of expression; the journalistic training of Dickens left throughout his amusing or touching pages much slovenliness of expression.

The style of Professor Lounsbury's book illustrates this insensitiveness. Too frequent for excuse, in a work by a scholar, on such a subject, are the examples of confused number ("Landor's reckless assaults upon 'the vernacular idiom' . . . furnishes a most amusing chapter in his stormy life," p. 149. "There will consequently be found in individual writers a condition of things which seem to bear directly against the truth of the general conclusions deduced," p. 277); or of ambiguous pronouns ("While what is said of it [the word *female*] may be itself absolute truth, it leaves out so much of the truth that it tends to produce an altogether wrong impression," p. 221). Shortly before the inconclusive paragraphs on *shall* and *will* occurs the sentence: "Were all of this class of writers to fail us here, we would have to regret the impairment of the speech thereby produced" (p. 159). A volume of protest against "schoolmastering the language" should give better evidence that the writer has mastered his language.

The History of New France. By Marc Lescarbot; with an English translation, notes, and appendices by W. L. Grant; and an introduction by H. P. Biggar. 3 vols. Vol. I. Toronto: The Champlain Society.

In selecting Marc Lescarbot's "History of New France" as the first of its publications, the Champlain Society has made, on the whole, an admirable choice. Of the several published narratives upon which students must chiefly rely for the early history of New France, nearly all save Lescarbot were already accessible in modern reprints, as well as in adequate translations. For Champlain, we have the Quebec edition of 1870, edited by Abbé Laverdière; and C. P. Otis's translation published by the Prince Society in 1880, and reprinted in 1907 in the series of Original Narratives of Early American History. Charlevoix scarcely needs reprinting in the original, as the 1744 edition, especially the octavo in six volumes, is readily procurable and not very expensive; and J. G. Shea's translation (1866) leaves little to be desired. The same may be said of Shea's translation of Le Clercq. Cartier we have in several forms, more or less satisfactory; and Dr. R. G. Thwaites has given us both text and translation of the Jesuit Relations. Of the editions of the "Histoire de la Nouvelle-France," published during Lescarbot's lifetime, the first in 1609, the second in 1611 (reprinted the following year), and the third in 1617, all are to-day practically unobtainable, and are to be found only in large reference libraries. Tross's reprint of 1866 in three volumes is useful, and may still be picked up for a few dollars, but for some unexplained reason Tross reproduced the 1612 issue, instead of the enlarged edition of 1617. The only translation hitherto available has been that of Pierre Erondelle, published at London in 1609, under the title "Nova Francia; or, the description of that part of New France which is one continent with Virginia," and reprinted in the Harleian collection of Voyages, 1745. This translation, admirable as far as it goes, covers only Books IV., V., and VI. In the Champlain Society edition, on the other hand, we have the text of the 1617 edition, embodying Lescarbot's latest corrections and additions, as well as the first translation of the entire work.

The first of the three volumes includes Mr. Biggar's Introduction, Mr. Grant's Preface, and the translation and text of Books I. and II. Book I. describes the "Voyages and Navigations made by the Commission and at the Expense of Our Most Christian Kings Francis I. and Charles IX., in the New Land of Florida and Virginia, by Captains Verrazano, Ribaut, Laudonnière, and Gourgues"; and Book II. the "Voyages Made Under Captain Villegagnon Into the Antarctic France of Brazil." Both books are, therefore, rather in the nature of an introduction, than the history of New France itself, though Lescarbot's proposed boundaries of the colony made it practically conterminous with the continent of North America. Indeed, it is in Books IV. and VI. alone that we have the record of Lescarbot's own experience in the New World; the remainder of his work is practically a summary of the recorded voyages of others, valuable mainly because of his comments.

It must not be forgotten, however, that Lescarbot's History possesses an importance of its own as literature, and that in this respect it has no rival in the early books of New France. Mr. Grant in his Preface brings out the peculiar quality of Lescarbot's style, and at the same time admits the difficulty of reproducing it adequately in translation:

> Lescarbot, like Herodotus, whom he so much resembles, should be read in the original. Each tells his tale with that well-bred simplicity which marks the gentleman, with the same mixture of apparent credulity and keen skeptical intelligence. There is a touch of condescension in the professed deference with which each dismisses some well-worn legend, perhaps dear to his audience.

To the example quoted by Mr. Grant, the following might well be added. Speaking of Verrazano, Lescarbot says:

> One writer relates that on reaching Cape Breton, which is the entry for sailing to-

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ward the great river of Canada, he was captured and eaten by savages. This I can with difficulty believe, seeing that he gave to the King the above account of his voyage.

Not the least interesting part of the present volume is Lescarbot's half-serious conjectures as to how and when America first became known to the ancients. One may particularly commend his entertaining theory that this continent had perhaps been peopled by Noah immediately after the Deluge (p. 47). Inevitably, in a translation of such a difficult author, there are many points that one might question. No two competent translators would agree as to the best version of many passages. Nevertheless, Mr. Grant's translation as a whole is admirable, and worthy of a place beside Otis's Champlain and Shea's Charlevoix. The text, however, offers opportunities for many more useful notes than Mr. Grant has seen fit to give, and Mr. Biggar's Introduction might have been considerably enlarged.

Science.

"Long Life and How to Attain It," by Dr. Pearce Kintzing, professor in the Maryland Medical College (Funk & Wagnalls), is the third book recently published, dealing with the span of human existence. Élie Metchnikoff's "Prolongation of Life" (see the *Nation* of February 6, p. 132) was, to be sure, published in French several months preceding its translation into English, but the fact that it is being widely read and commented upon in America is sufficient evidence of public interest in the subject. Prof. C. S. Minot's, "Age, Growth, and Death," approaches the subject from the point of view of an embryologist. Dr. Kintzing, as a physician rather than an avowed disciple of pure science, takes up the matter from the practical side and devotes himself to rules of hygiene and the results of non-observance of them. He shows quite clearly that longevity is after all a relative matter, and that some men, judged according to accomplished results, have lived longer when they have reached forty than others who toil on until seventy or eighty. The factors predisposing to long life, Dr. Kintzing sets down truthfully if somewhat tritely, viz., power of digestion and assimilation of food; lack of useless material, *e. g.*, fat; moderate eating, little alcohol; and the cultivation of a cheerful, placid temper and regular, temperate habits. He also notes that the first-born of a family are likely to live longer than the last-born, but does not attempt to explain why, although theoretical reasons are not far to seek. Throughout the volume it is evident that the author is a lover of rural life, and his fondness for aphorisms which stick in the memory serves to strengthen his arguments in favor of the country as a habitation. But dweller in city and country alike will agree with him that "an honest plumber is the noblest work of God."

John J. Ward's "Some Nature Biographies" (John Lane) is a loosely connected series of nature studies in the Grant Allen style, mostly in the field of entomology. The several chapters, which first appeared as separate papers in the popular magazines, are interesting and well written, and give evidence both of a sound knowledge of the best authorities and considerable independent observation. The numerous photographic illustrations are illuminating. An interesting feature of the volume is a set of photographs of a pleasing Warwickshire landscape taken, one in each month of the year, from the same spot. Nothing could better indicate the evenness of the English climate, as compared with the extremes with which we are familiar in the northern United States.

Perry D. Frazer's "Rod Making" (Forest & Stream Publishing Co.) is put forth as the first volume of a series under the title, The Angler's Workshop. Although it lacks the charming style and broad view of the late Henry P. Wells's "Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle," which must ever remain an angling classic, Mr. Frazer's work, the different chapters of which have appeared in *Forest and Stream*, has the advantage of greater modernity, and may be regarded as indispensable to the inexperienced amateur in rod-making. The author indulges in the unsubstantiated statement that "rent and glued cane rods" were invented and first made by Americans, while the facts are that three-strip rods of cane were rather common in England in the forties, at which period they were, so far as we know, not made in this country. The drawings in Mr. Frazer's book are helpful, but the full-page illustrations are quite irrelevant.

Louis Rhead's "The Book of Fish and Fishing" (Charles Scribner's Sons) is somewhat superficial in character, the result of a desire to cover the entire field of both salt-water and fresh-water angling. While Mr. Rhead's ideas are in the main sound, his sins of omission are serious. Even an elaborate table of contents cannot possibly take the place of an index. The important question of cost is hardly touched upon; while the authority of a manual which, in treating of the best localities for salmon-fishing, fails to make any mention of Newfoundland, is at least open to doubt. There are many examples of slipshod English.

To the amateur gardener who wishes to keep a record of his operations we can recommend two useful volumes. One is "The Commuter's Garden Record," compiled by Amy Carol Rand and published by H. M. Caldwell Co. In this the names of flowers are set down in alphabetic order with directions as to proper date for planting, nature of soil required, time of blooming, and other matters of the sort. Half of the book is a "Record of Flowers" in diary form to be filled out by the gardener. The book is prettily made and suitable for a gift. Loring Underwood's "Garden Diary and Country Home Guide" (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) is a larger volume printed as a diary for the year, with brief bits of timely garden advice printed above the page for each day. An ingenious index at the back will enable the user to follow his record of each plant throughout the season.

A hitherto unknown writing of Roger Bacon was discovered recently by the French physicist, P. Duhem, member of the Paris Academy, in the Bibliothèque Nationale. The manuscript, which came originally from the library of Louis XIV., dates from the second half of the fifteenth century. It is part of Bacon's Opus Tertium of 1267 and connects directly with the part published by Brewer in London in 1859. Duhem prints an extract from which he concludes that the English philosopher was acquainted with the composition of gunpowder—a point that has been disputed.

"Südafrika: Eine Landes-, Volks- und Wirtschafts-Kunde," by the geographer and traveller of the University of Breslau, Prof. Siegfried Passarge (Leipzig: Quelle & Meyer), is a valuable addition to our knowledge of South Africa. Although more popular than technical in character, the work is based on scientific investigation. Passarge believes that South Africa was originally connected with South America and Australia. There are 47 illustrations, 34 charts, and many profiles.

The *fourth Latin-American Scientific* Congress, which will be known also as the first Pan-American Scientific Congress, will meet at Santiago, *Chili*, December 1. The sub-divisions will consider the following subjects: (1) mathematics, (2) physical sciences, (3) natural sciences and anthropology, (4) engineering, (5) medical science and hygiene, (6) law, (7) sociology, (8) pedagogy and philosophy, (9) agriculture and zoötechny. The following-named persons have been designated to represent the United States: W. H. Holmes, Bureau of American Ethnology; Col. W. C. Gorgas, United States army; Prof. Bernard Moses, University of California; Prof. William B. Smith, Tulane; Prof. Paul S. Reinsch, University of Wisconsin; Prof. Leo S. Rowe, University of Pennsylvania; Prof. William R. Shepherd, Columbia; Prof. A. C. Coolidge, Harvard; and Prof. Hiram Bingham, Yale.

Drama and Music.

Maria Stuart im Drama der Weltliteratur vornehmlich des 17. und 18. Jahrhunderts. Von Karl Kipka. Pp. viii+423. Leipzig: Hesse.

Of late years German scholars have produced various monographs upon leading characters in the modern drama; for example: Moeller, "Die Auffassung der Kleopatra in der Tragödienliteratur" (1888); Mix, "Zur Geschichte der Cäsartragödien" (1890); Speck, "Katalina im Drama" (1906). To these may be added Secundus, "Geschichte der Salome von Cato bis Oscar Wilde," of which two parts have appeared, and which, although not restricted to the drama, touches it at various points. Such works have peculiar value for the student; by tracing the movement of a dramatic theme from generation to generation, and from land to land, they elucidate changes of fashion and differences in national temperament. If not exactly "comparative literature," they are at least a step towards the better definition of that much-vexed study. The present work by Kipka is the most ambitious of its kind, and offers the most attractive theme. Julius Cæsar, Cleopatra, Catiline, it is true, have not lost interest for us, but we have settled down to a pretty stable estimate of their respective values. Whereas the Queen of Scots still arrays the world of scholars and readers into hostile camps, is still the occasion of angry debate and the shedding of much ink.

The fates were unkind, not by provoking

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much inkshed, but by killing Mary a century too late. Had Mary Stuart lost her head with Buckingham in the times of Richard III., or even with Warwick and Perkin in the reign of Henry VII., we might have got from some stout-hearted Elizabethan a drama commensurate with her extraordinary personality. But not even the man, or men, who ventured to put upon the boards the father and mother of Elizabeth, with the unfortunate Katharine and Wolsey, could afford to take so much as a side glance at Fotheringay Castle. Besides, why should the Elizabethan dramatists, patriotic to the verge of absurdity, interest themselves in England's most dangerous enemy? So it was that the only men who were able to handle effectively the most tragic Queen, passed her by and left her to the feeble efforts of indignant but uninspired Continental Catholics. The first half of Kipka's work is a careful study of these efforts in Latin, French, Italian, Spanish; they may all be briefly ticketed: *facit indignatio versum.* One play alone appears to be an exception, that by the Roman Della Valle, 1628. To judge from the abstract and brief quotations (pp. 108-111), Della Valle possessed dignity, grace, and an insight into tragic situation. Noteworthy is the feature that Mary is not beheaded but *guillotined* (p. 110 and note). The Dutch poet Vondel and the Germans, Kormart, Reimer, Haugwitz, and Gryphius (pp. 127-184) are—if possible—less interesting even than their Romance brethren; the discussion of their writings can have only an historical value.

Banks's "The Island Queens, or the Death of Mary Queen of Scotland," the first English drama, is a tiresome Restoration piece, which gets all the credit to which it is entitled. Yet we must protest energetically against certain of Kipka's general conceptions. In the first place, it is wrong to blame the Puritans for the mediocrity of the Restoration drama. The old dramatic impulse had used itself up; it would have run its course in any event, had there never been a Commonwealth. In the next place, our author, like many of his contemporaries, is too fond of calling things "Germanic." We on our part do not believe that English traits and manners of the seventeenth century are in any sense Germanic. Still less can we approve of Kipka's heading his Section 6: "Maria Stuart im germanischen Drama des 17. und 18. Jahrhunderts," and including under it the English writers Banks, John St. John, Mrs. Deverell, etc. There was indisputably a Germanic language, the progenitor of English, Dutch, German proper, Scandinavian, and the like. But there never was a Germanic drama. The drama of England was plain English, nothing more; it worked out its own destiny in utter ignorance of the second *Lautverschiebung* or of Anglo-Frisian unity.

Students of modern literature will be interested in Kipka's estimate of Schiller and Alfieri. It is carefully worked out and full of information. Why Section 9 should be headed "Rückschau und Ausblick," and bundle together Björnson, Swinburne, and "Michael Field," not to speak of Slowacki, Schneegans, and David Graham, is to us anything but clear. The drama of the latter half of the nineteenth century needs more analysis and classification than the author has given to it. We should not be severe, however, in our judgment; for the author (p. viii.), alludes most feelingly to the difficulties of his undertaking. The estimate of Swinburne's trilogy is exalted enough; some of us would say, too exalted. Still, we are aware that the shuttlecock of opinion has not yet ceased to fly to and fro. On two points only will we express our opinion. The trilogy is not a trilogy of plays, but a long-drawn-out romance in dramatic form, and the poet's elaborate rhetoric becomes tiresome. Then, we cannot go to the length of admitting that Swinburne's Mary "ist ein harmonisch fesselndes Bild hoher Einigkeit mit sich selbst" (p. 377). Whoever will maintain that Swinburne's Mary, any more than the real Mary, was never fundamentally at odds with herself, must have more poetic faith than we have.

The index is not sufficient for a treatise of such complexity, and the table of contents is practically useless. Some of the author's best work is in the appendices, of which the fourth: "Gedichte, Romane, Musikwerke," will be especially helpful to the general reader.

Henry Miller has engaged Isabel Irving to play the chief female part in Percy Mackaye's comedy "Mater," which he will produce in San Francisco next month. He will play the leading male part himself on this occasion, but another actor will be seen in it when the play is brought to New York in the autumn, as Mr. Miller is to resume his original character in "The Great Divide."

Bertha Kalich will begin her fourth starring season, under the management of Harrison Grey Fiske, in October, but will not be seen in New York until after Christmas. A new play has been written for her by Madame Fred de Gresac, whose name is known in this city in connection with "La Passerelle" and "The Marriage of Kitty." The story is said to deal with social, artistic, and theatrical life, but to be free from the usual domestic complications. Nor is it tragic in tone, being conceived chiefly in the vein of comedy, although well provided with dramatic situation. Such is the official proclamation. If it is well founded, there seems to be some ground for hope that Madame Kalich may, at last, have found a piece in which her unquestionable ability can be displayed.

Sir Charles Wyndham has revived Mr. Davies's "The Mollusc" at his Criterion Theatre in London with marked success, and it is plain that the vitality of the piece is by no means exhausted. The acting honors are again divided among Miss Mary Moore, Sir Charles Wyndham, and Sam Sothern.

Frank Stayton's comedy of the Middle Ages, "The Two Pins," does not seem to be of much dramatic or—although it is written in blank verse—literary consequence, but it is fairly interesting and amusing, and, as it is excellently acted, is likely to do well at the Aldwych Theatre in London. Mr. Asche, in the character of a burly, tyrannical, but not ill-humored feudal lord, has a part which fits him exactly, and Lily Brayton is not less well suited in the heroine.

For the first time the King of Saxony has bestowed the title of professor of music on a woman—a teacher named Aglaja Orgeni.

One of the novelties of the London season has been a concert devoted entirely to the works of royal composers, of whom the number is considerable. It was given by Miss Aleys Lorraine. *Truth* recalls Brahms's sarcastic remark that it is always injudicious to criticise such works, since one could never be quite sure who might not have written them.

Fifty-three years ago, when Wagner conducted a series of Philharmonic concerts in London, he declared that English orchestral musicians played like machines, never varying their dynamics, and that it would be easier to get sparks of enthusiasm out of a German dance-musician. But the times have changed. August Spanuth has been revisiting London and he writes in the *Staats-Zeitung*: "What shall I tell you about the London Symphony Orchestra? It ranks next to the Boston Orchestra, so great is its excellence. . . . Half a century ago Richard Wagner could still reproach these 'leathern' musicians with being unable to play either forte or piano, and to-day they prove themselves equal to all technical demands, besides indulging in shadings and nuances which arouse the admiration of musical epicures."

Art.

ART AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION.

LONDON, June 13.

Workmen are still conspicuous at the Franco-British Exhibition in Shepherd's Bush, but the work is sufficiently advanced for an idea of the show as a whole, and also of different sections in particular, among them the Fine Art section.

It is unfortunate that the first impression given by the exhibition is one of tawdriness and commonplace in the architecture. Both entrances are singularly wanting in dignity, while the detail is worthier of a country fair than of an exhibition supposed to celebrate and to cement the friendly relations between two powerful nations. The English, whose genius is not for originality, speak of their exhibition as "The White City," but the borrowed name only invites a comparison that proves how little it is merited. Shepherd's Bush has nothing of the stateliness and beauty of Chicago. The buildings are white, it is true, but here all resemblance ends. The scale is small, the architecture nondescript, the ornament exaggerated and trivial, the grouping of the buildings ineffective.

Disappointment is not left behind at the door of the Fine Art Palace, where, however, there is enough of interest to help one to forget it. The central sculpture court and the galleries which it separates are divided equally between the French and the British. On my first visit it seemed to me that France came less creditably out of the inevitable comparison than Great Britain. But a second visit has shown me that this is simply because more

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is expected of France in matters of art, and because the French have been singularly unfortunate—or official—in the selection and hanging of their pictures. Before the exhibition opened, there were rumors of differences in the several juries of selection and of consequent resignations, and this would explain much in the French section.

However, the first disappointment over, fine and epoch-making pictures are discovered, though the Hanging Committee, by scattering them, has made their discovery a question of time and patience. Had chronological order been more strictly followed, as in Paris in 1900, the gain would have been enormous. The period covered goes back to the beginning of the nineteenth century, and there are small but characteristic examples of Isabey and Delacroix—the latter's sketch, fine and full of color, for the ceiling of the Galerie d'Apollon; there are portraits by Ingres and Baudry, eastern subjects by Decamps and Régnault, the work of the now almost, but undeservedly, forgotten, Théodore Chasseriau—a large enough group to serve as reminder of the conflict between classicism and romanticism in the early part of the century. Coming down further, Corot, Millet, Troyon, Rousseau, Courbet have a place, but better examples of each and all of them might easily have been secured. The Daumier by Corot, lent by the Ville de Paris, is of unusual beauty, and interesting both as a portrait and a painting, but the two landscapes are not of his greatest; while Courbet's La Sieste, also lent by the Ville de Paris, with its tight and niggled trees and rather conventional arrangement, would explain to no one the part Courbet played in the realistic movement of the middle of the century. As little judgment has been displayed in the selection of the work of the impressionists, who are not reached until several galleries have been passed. Manet's Brioche is a triumphant study of still life; his Liseur is characteristic of the period when Velasquez was the paramount influence in his work, and Le Printemps is wonderfully fresh in color, charm, and quality of paint; but these three pictures would not help students who had never seen Manet before to understand why he was such a power in his day, why he attracted such a following of artists, and goaded the critics to such fury. It is the same with Monet. One of his Haystack series is shown, a fine study, without question, of sunlight. There is also one of his Thames series, Waterloo Bridge, with the factories and chimneys of South London beyond; but it only proves that Monet could not see London, or that his technique could not render London atmosphere. The third picture is the best, an early one, of Dutch tulip fields, but it is not very remarkable and the three together would not be sufficient to justify Monet's present reputation. Renoir fares better, for La Loge is among his most typical paintings, and his other two are of only less note. But, though he and Pissarro and Sisley hang with Manet and Monet, the series has not been well enough chosen to account in itself for the importance of Impressionism in the history of art in the nineteenth century.

The drawings and prints are shockingly arranged, on crowded walls, mixed up anyhow with miniatures, water-colors, architectural plans, and decorative designs. I hesitate, therefore, to speak of them, though, in the medley, I chanced upon engravings by Lepère and an etching by Rodin, drawings by Millet, Raffet, Renouard, a collection of portraits by Ingres.

The sculpture includes examples of Rude and Barye, Rodin and Bartholomé Frémiet and Falguière, Dalon and Mercié. It could have been improved by the exercise of that more liberal policy which the committee in each section seems to have gone out of its way to avoid.

At the first glance, the British galleries appear to maintain a higher standard. The reason is that they are better hung, while the retrospective series begins at an earlier date than in the French collection. The work goes back to the first English painter of any distinction, William Dobson. The greatest of all, William Hogarth, is included, and if the examples chosen are not of his finest, one, Ranelagh, has a special interest as a landscape, a subject he so seldom painted. Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney, of course, are prominent, and one of the most celebrated Gainsboroughs can be seen, The Blue Boy from the Duke of Westminster's collection. I know of no better Opie than the Portrait of Mrs. George Warde, in large hat, with blue ribbons, and I have never seen a more splendid, a more supremely beautiful Wilson than A View on the Arno, golden and serene as a Claude. Turner's Mercury and Herse hangs near, as if to emphasize the triumph of Wilson, whose fame is less, chiefly because he had no Ruskin to proclaim his greatness from the housetops. Constable's Dedham Vale and Bonington's Fish Market, Boulogne—though not showing him at his best—make one wish that the national classification had not been insisted upon, and that these two painters could have hung with the Frenchmen who accepted them as masters long before they were recognized at home.

There would have been a still better opportunity for comparative study had the Realists of the mid-century been shown in their most characteristic work together, irrespective of country. As it is, the pre-Raphaelite pictures, though not very numerous, are enough to prove one thing—that Ford Madox Brown towers head and shoulders above the group. It matters not who was the first to adopt certain methods, or to paint sunlight—he was the great man among them all. Rossetti's Blessed Damozel and Mariana are crude and artificial, Holman Hunt's Isabella and the Pot of Basil is a mass of tedious and inartistic détail, even Autumn Leaves, in which Millais is said to have reached the very heights of pre-Raphaelite expression and poetry, is melodramatic and weak, as they now hang side by side with Ford Madox Brown's work. To study that masterpiece again is to wonder anew—to wonder at its realism, for he had the sense, like the Frenchmen, to go for his subject to the world he knew and not to classical and mediæval dictionaries; to wonder at his power of composition, the unbelievable mass of detail brought into one harmonious whole; to wonder at the light with which it is filled, and at the character recorded in every figure, from Carlyle in the foreground to the sandwich man, seen far beyond, toiling along the sunlit, hilly street of Hampstead.

Could anything show how ephemeral a phase pre-Raphaelitism was in English art, it would be the contrast when the rooms, where these pictures hang, are left for the galleries devoted to living painters. The Brotherhood did not release British art from the yoke of anecdote, nor teach it the value of personal observation and sound technique. If some of the French rooms suggest the old Salon, almost all the modern British rooms recall the Academy. But the Briton knows how to be liberal when it is to his advantage. A residence of a few years in the country has been accepted as qualification for admission, greatly to the Exhibition's advantage. For Sargent, Abbey, Mark Fisher, J. J. Shannon, are found among the painters, Whistler and Pennell among the black-and-white men.

There is a gallery in the Irish Village, which gives several painters another chance to exhibit, and it is interesting to find that J. J. Shannon and Mark Fisher, who can be British or American as occasion requires, can also become Irishmen. The best work here is unquestionably by William Oupen, who knows how to paint if he has not learned how to see things with refinement or distinction, and by Nathaniel Hone, direct descendant of the more famous Irishman of the name. Mr. Hone is absolutely unknown in England, but his landscapes and marines have a vigor and a feeling for the beauty of cloud-swept skies and wide lonely stretches of sea and meadow land, that, now they have been seen in London, should bring him the name and fame he merits as artist above any of his countrymen. N. N.

The Toledo, O., Art Museum has received from E. D. Libbey a gift of $105,000, which will be used in erecting a new building.

The Third International Congress for the Advancement of Drawing and Art Teaching will meet in London, in August, 1908. The expense of an American exhibit and representation must be paid by private subscriptions. The committee in charge consists of James Hall, Ethical Culture School, Sixty-third Street and Central Park West, New York city; Charles M. Carter, Denver, Col.; Prof. William Woodward, Newcomb College, Tulane University, New Orleans. The treasurer, to whom checks are payable, is Cheshire Lowton Boone, Montclair, N. J. Through the efforts of the American committee, a collection of material has been made, illustrating the methods of art training in our public schools. This country will be represented by Mr. Carter and Henry T. Bailey.

H. M. Caldwell Co. sends us two booklets, part of a series on the Great Galleries of Europe, dealing with the Luxembourg and the Tate Gallery. Apart from a few pages devoted to the history of the galleries, the text is confined to brief perfunctory notes, beneath the plates, which might well have been spared. The pictures chosen for illustration are of the more popular order, though occasionally a more serious work of art finds admittance. The reproductions are fairly well executed half-tones.

At the last meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions in Paris, a report was read by M. Merlin, the director of the excavations

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at Tunis, on some important discoveries recently made at the bottom of the sea. Divers had come on ancient ruins at a distance of about four and one-half miles from the shore. These proved to be marble columns, bronze statues, etc., some in comparatively good preservation. Several of these, especially a fine statue of a youth, have already been secured by the divers. It is hoped to recover the rest of the objects, though it will probably involve considerable expense and time.

Robert Gibb, R. S. A., well-known for his military pictures, and for twelve years curator of the National Gallery of Scotland, has been appointed painter and limner to the King in Scotland. His predecessors in that office have been Raeburn, David Wilkie, William Allan, and Noel Paton.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen A. Brown Collection of Music in the Public Library of the City of Boston, Catalogue of the. Vol. I., Part I. Boston: Published by the Trustees. $1 per part.
Allen, James. The Heavenly Life. R. F. Fenno & Co.
Anecdota Oxoniensia. Yûsuf and Zalîkhâ, by Firdausî of Tûs. Edited by Hermann Ethé. Henry Frowde.
Baughman, Nanny Randolph Ball. The True Way of Life. Burlington, Ia.; Published by the author.
Bronson, Walter C. English poems. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.
Chapman, John Jay. Four plays for Children. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1 net.
Denys, Nicolas. The Description and Natural History of the Coasts of North America (Acadia). Translated by William F. Ganong. Toronto: The Champlain Society.
Dumas, Alexandre. My Memoirs. Translated by E. M. Waller. Vol. IV. Macmillan. $1.75.
Duras, Victor Hugo. Universal Peace. Broadway Publishing Co. $2.
Economic Coöperation Among Negro Americans. Atlanta, Ga.: University Press. $1.
Freeman, Mary E. Wilkins. The Shoulders of Atlas. Harpers.
Greenwood, G. G. The Shakespeare Problem Restated. Lane. $5.
Gregory, Caspar René. Das Freer-Legion. Lemcke & Buechner.
Hendrix, Eugene Russell. Christ's Table Talk. Nashville, Tenn.: Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South. $1 net.
Index Kewensis Plantarum Phanerogamarum, Supplementum Tertium. Edited by D. Prain. Henry Frowde. $8.75.
Kirkbride, Franklin Butler, and J. E. Sterrett. The Modern Trust Co. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Montgomery, L. M. Anne of Green Gables. Boston: Page.
New Jersey Archives. Vol. XXVII. Paterson: Press Printing and Publishing Co.
Open Window, The. By the author of The Garden of a Commuter's Wife. Macmillan. $1.50.
Peacock's Pleasure, The. Lane 1.50.
Presbrey, Frank. Motoring Abroad. Outing Publishing Co. $2 net.
Shakespeare Apocrypha. Edited by C. F. Tucker Brooke. Henry Frowde.
Summerhayes, Martha. Vanished Arizona. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Terenti Afri Comoediae. Edited by Sidney G. Ashmore. Oxford University Press.
Vaughan-Sawyer, Capt. Grant's Campaign in Virginia, 1864. Macmillan. $1.60 net.
Virgil's Æneid. Books I-VI. Edited by H. R. Fairclough and Seldon L. Brown. Boston: Benj. H. Sanborn & Co.
Visscher, William Lightfoot. The Pony Express. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Walling, William English. Russia's Message. Doubleday, Page & Co. $3.
Wood, Henry C. The Night Riders. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 75 cts.
Yoshioka, Gen-Ichiro. A Semantic Study of the Verbs of Doing and Making in the Indo-European Languages. Tokyo, Japan.

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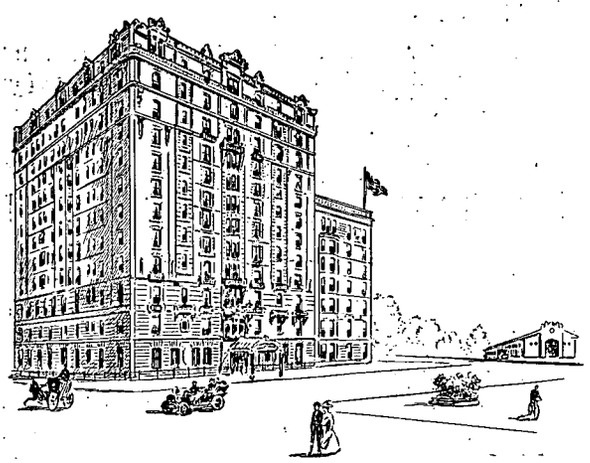

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